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### MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I have builded me a castle,
Stately, beautiful and tall,
And the rarest roses blossom
All the summer on the wall.
Oh, the rest I have about me,
In this cloudland home of mine!
Let the world go on without me,
I have drank of Lotus-wine,
Of Lotus-wine!

Friend, come up into the quiet
Of my castle's stately walls;
Here no echo of the tunult
Of your earth-life ever falls.
Oh, I pray you, leave the shadow
Of the world's heart-wearying strife,
And come up into the sunshine
Of a new and happy life—
A new and happy life!

Ceme and bathe among the billows
Of my dreamland's dancing streams;
I have found the long-sought fountain
That has haunted many dreams.
Plunge beneath the wind-kissed waters,
Drinking in the sunshine's gold,
And arise to youth renewed,
And to be no longer old—
No longer oid!

Come, and in the snowy chalice
Of a lily s waxen cup,
You shall drink a draught of nectar,
That shall close your sorrows up.
I will fill you up a lily
To its sweet and scented brim
With the wine that drowns remembre
Drink, and let the world grow dim—
The world grow dim!

# The Hunted Bride:

WEDDED, BUT NOT WON

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER MAKERS.

It was a bitterly cold day early in the winter of '57-'58. Two young girls were sitting with their shawls wrapped about them—for they had no fire-in an upper room of a tenement-house in the lower part of the city, on a street lying back of Broadway. They spoke only occasionally, and when one caught the eyes of the other fixed sadly on her face, she would look out of the window as if there were ing-house. something to interest her in the icy street, or the brick wall opposite. It was but a sorrowful ruse to keep from betraying how very sorrowful they felt.

"Poor Sarah!" at length said the elder of the two, her thoughts taking speech almost against her will, "I hear that she was no sooner discharged than she went to her boarding-house

and hung horself.' 'It would be better for us if we had the

Both sat silent for a time; then Lucille re-

courage to do so too, Lucille."

"Oh, no! Tina, that is not true courage."

She expected to keep her place all winter. Many others had been dismissed, but she was a favorite, and had been with them so long, she hoped for the best.'

This will be a sad winter for the poor, Lucille.

Yes, yes, yes! The rich have been reckless and the poor must suffer. It is always so. We pay the penalty of the crimes of those who walk over us. Poor little Tina, you tremble with cold; and you are hungry, I know. You are not so strong as I-I do not feel it so much." 'Don't mind me, Lucille, don't."

"Come over and sit in my lap, and I will chafe your hands; they are purple with cold. By-and-by, when the men have gone from din ner, you shall go down to Mrs. Mackaye's and ask to sit by her fire a while.

Poor children, orphans, whom the great world, the rich city, the Christian fireside should have adopted! they made a picture of sweet forlornness as they sat there together. Tina-given once by some fond mother the romantic name of Clementina, but called always and appropriately by this pet abbreviation-so small and delicate, with her large brown eyes ready to drop tears, sat in friend's lap, who chafed and fondled her little thin hands, imparting to them some of her own superior vitality; for Lucille, though her face was now rather worn and pale, had a vigorous constitution; the fine dark skin, the clear-cut features, full bust, and tall and rounded form, told of youth and strength.

"How beautiful you are! You look handsomer to me every day," said the child on her knee, caressing her smoothly-braided hair, black, like her eyes.

'It's a strange time to be thinking of beauty," responded Lucille, with a sad smile; the time we are starved to death, it will matter little how we once looked."

Do you think we really can starve to death, and so many people all about us?" queried Tina, with a shudder, clinging to her friend's

"People have met with such a fate, know, even in this city. But, I didn't wish to fire and something to eat. I have pawned my ring, and have bought some coals and supper. You know it was a real emerald which was set relentless and terrible, and Lucille was more fire, while I go out again, and seek work of some kind. From our own trade we have nothing to expect, and, indeed, nothing from any One can only try and try again, till she dies. However, I may find something. I with it." have energy, and the thought of you, waiting for good tidings, will be a double incentive."
"I ought to go with you."



"Now I am ready, Mrs. Maxwell," and he contrived to drop the note in Lucille's hand.

chilled with hunger. I may walk many miles a strong faith that I shall redeem it some quest for work, on which she set forth every before I return. Come! I have none too much day." time; the days are short-I hear the men go-

ing out from dinner."
She took her hood and shawl, and the two

"Give Tina a cup of tea and piece of bread; I will pay you when I come back, Mrs. Mac-

"Whist, now! don't be sp'akin' ov the pay. The darlin's welcome to a bit o' bread an' tay. She luks as if she had the ague, shure. Sit

here by the stove, till I bring it to ye.' With a smile of thanks to the warm-hearted Irish woman, Lucille paused not to take any of this comfort for herself, but went forth with quick, elastic steps, from which hardship and orrow had not yet stolen the grace of youth. In a few moments she mingled with the crowd

upon Broadway.

It was late in the afternoon, and she had made the last of several applications to a house far up-town, when, turning wearily to face the stream of people going up the great thoroughfare at that hour, she met a young man who affected not to see her as she passed; but she, staring full at him, knew that he did recognize her, by the slight contraction of his so much as if her apartment was a home, as evelids.

She turned, and, following him, pressed

"You make a very good show, Branthope, pon money which does not belong to you. ou may feast; but I'm starving."

Are you out of work?" he asked, uneasily. "Yes, I am; and do not expect any more this winter. Our employers are sure to take a chilling silence, awed poor Tina, but did not care of themselves—as for us, it is no matcare of themselves—as for us, it is no mat-

"Please don't talk to me now, Lucille, I'm afraid we shall be observed. I am going to be married next week to a rich girl. I expect every moment that her carriage will pass. She has driven down to Wall street to bring her dress. I promise you I will see you as soon as

tune by means of one which does not belong to you, you will be willing to make some restitu-tion. I do not know where my address will taste constantly cultivated in the work of be a fortnight from now-maybe Potter's

The young gentleman's hand was upon his flossy, light-brown hair. purse, but at that moment a carriage passed, in which was sitting a portly and pompous middle-aged man, and a stylish, beautiful young dy, who blushed and smiled as she bowed, and he hurried savagely from the girl by his

The gas was lighted long before Lucille returned to her little friend, who was pressing and I'm sure you need it," ventured her friend her pale cheek against the cold glass, watching

'Nothing-I have made out nothing at all," was her reply to the eager look she met as she in the ring; I raised enough money on it to fend off starvation for some time, Tina." "I thought you said you would never part

"I hardly think I ever would have done it to save myself. But I thought of your pale cheeks and trembling fingers, little girl. There!

"No; the day is cold, and you are already | don't feel so badly. It's only pawned; I have | back from that never-ending, never-successful

her companion sat, staring at the grate, lost in moody reflections. Her black eyes gleamed "What can you mean?" beneath their knitted brows, cold and selfabsorbed, and sometimes the hungry teeth at me as if you suspected me of being insane. would gnaw at the crimson under-lip. Her room-mate stole troubled glances at her, not daring to intrude upon her thoughts. She inferred, child as she was, that Lucille, so handbeen brought up to the trade of making artifi-cial flowers, as Tina herself had been, she did not think credible. It was true that no girl in the shop—not French Terise even—made more exquisite flowers; but this did not shake her

belief that the art had been recently acquired. Out of a hundred companions, Lucille had singled Tina for a friend—her, so quiet, so shy, patient at her work; they had roomed together to lessen expense; and Tina, the orphan, had never before felt so happy and protected, since this partnership.

For Lucille was courageous and kind; pa tronizing and caring for her little friend in the most delightful way; a sort of mother-sister, though in reality only two years older. dark moods which sometimes came upon Lucille, during which she seemed to feel harshly toward the whole world, and to keep herself in to-night; the young girl moved softly about her pleasant work of preparing their evening al, not speaking until the tea was on the un painted board, which they dignified by the

If there had been any to observe and apprefather home from business. Give me your ad- ciate, they would have found that Tina herself was not unlovely, when the heat of the fire have time." had driven the paleness from her face; her cheeks were delicate as the petals of the wildrose, and her soft brown eyes were such as making flowers showed itself in the color of her plain dress and the arrangement of her

But there was not one in all the world who cared whether Tina was pretty or ugly, except, perhaps, Lucille, and she cared less for cap. the orphan girl's looks than she did for her innocence and timidity, which made her a welcome companion

Come, darling Lucille, the tea is waiting, after waiting vainly for her to come out of her absent-minded mood.

"Yes, I do; I have eaten nothing since last night," responded Lucille, shaking off her abentered their apartment; "but we will have a straction, and drawing a chair to the table alnearly famished than our philanthropists would like to believe.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

morning, to return each evening disappointed.

"Sit down, while I light the fire,' entreated Tina, noticing the weary air with which the other placed upon the floor the basket which she had tugged up two flights of stairs.

All the time that Tina was making the fire, putting the tea to steep, and tousting the bread, her companion sate staring at the grate lost.

"Not to deceive, I assure you. I just simply mean that I have secured us places as servants; you, as lady's-maid to young, pretty, and wealthy bride, who is about to go to housekeeping; myself, as child' some, so intelligent, so superior in all things to nurse to a good-natured baby in another well-herself, had a secret history. That she had to-do family. It is better than making flowers, Tina, even if we had them to make. service will be light, and you will share in the rich crumbs which fall from your lady's table. We American girls are foolish to give up all these excellent places to foreigners, because it goes against the grain of our independent na tures to serve. What are we shop-girls but the servants of most exacting masters, toiling out our lives in close rooms, when we might have comfort, plenty, and comparative ease and liberty? I tell you the house-servants of New York city are about the most favored class. They pay no bills; they do not dread rent-day; they feast upon their master's substance, without care as to how it came or how it is going. No wonder they grow insolent, Go you, too, my dear, and take all the advantage of your situation possible. Work as little and live as well as you can!"

"You are not in earnest about that last advice, I know, Lucille, for no one is more strict to do right than yourself. You often make me ashamed. But do you think I shall give satisfaction?-the work will be so new to

"You already dress hair beautifully; and hands which can fashion such dainty flowers ught to be swift and tasteful in the service of lady's-maid. Mrs. Maxwell will have great patience with your ignorance, sustained by the delightful prospect of a neat and conscientious servant. Besides, she is only a girl herself servant. married last week, eighteen; inexperienced and probably very indulgent. It is one place in a thousand, and I feel that I may congratulate

"Fortunately, women-servants don't have to don a livery," laughed Tina. "Fancy me in a cape and buttons!"

'Absurd. But, indeed, I like it, after all. Why didn't you get a place in the same family, darling Lucille? and you gave me the best one,

I have reasons for not wishing to go in the family where I found you a situation, or I night also have had a place there. However, we shall not be far apart. The houses are in the same square; and I was very particular to secure your Thursdays and Sundays out, so

that you could come to see me. Both the girls laughed. It was ridiculousand yet, in one sense, it was sublime—it saved them from starvation

"You have such a head, Lucille, to manage things! When are we to go?"

"To-morrow. Your mistress, Mrs. Maxwell, returns to-day from Philadelphia, and takes possession of the elegant house, which ONE day, a fortnight later, Lucille came was her father's bridal present, to-morrow.'

'I wonder if I shall like her?" mused Tina "If you don't you can dismiss her," replied Lucille, mockingly. "But I think there is no danger of your not agreeing. She seems amiable—a very happy bride—even a little romantic! As romantic as Fifth avenue ever gets to be. She has made a mistake, but she does not know it, yet." Lucille was slipping into one of her day-dreams, and Tina was regarding her with wide-open eyes, ready to devour every word which dropped from lips that often spoke in a strain quite above the level of her class. "It was my duty to have warned her; had I not supposed her a mere creature of fushion like Branthope himself, I should have stepped between them. Now, for her sake 1 ought to be silent. Hark!" starting suddenly from her soliloquy; "what voice is that? Tina. I am lest! hide me in this closet! Be silent. I am lost! hide me in this closet! Be silent, oh, be still! Don't appear to be alarmed; and when that person asks for me, do you say there is no such person here. Say that I've gone out—that you don't expect me back to-day anything to get-him away—there! shut the door and don't look so pale."

She looked pale herself, though; and poor little Tina trembled all over as a wary step came to the door, followed by a cautious

"Come in," she said, striving to look uncon-

The door opened, admitting a roughly dressed man, heavy-browed, with cunning, restless yes, reddish-black beard, and a face flushed with brandy. The first glance at him made Tina's blood curdle, timid little thing as she was; but she looked at him as bravely as if her heart were not almost fluttering out of its

cage.
"I say, Miss," he began, with a smile which increased her dislike, "where's that other young lady that boards with you?"
""She's government," government, and the smile which will be smile to the smile with the smile with the smile with the smile will be smile with the smile will be smile with the smile which is smile which increased her distributions with the smile with the smile with the smile which increased her distributions with the smile with

"She's gone out," gasped poor Tina; gone in would have been the exact truth, but the young girl was certain some frightful emergency de-manded from her this deviation. "Can I give

"No, Miss, you can't—not very well. I've got business of importance, and I reckon I'd best wait here till she comes;" so saying, he helped himself to a chair.

"I don't expect her back very soon."
"Well, I guess I can wait. She'll be in by dark, I s'pose; and you look as if you'd be good

company."

The girl was in agony; he saw that she was frightened, and leered at her maliciously; but she was alarmed at other matters than the ught of harm from him. The closet into which she had shut and locked her friend, turning the key more by flurry than intention, was very small—so small that she could hardly close the door with Lucille inside.

To be shut there for hours was death. Vet the concealed girl had appeared so agitated, so filled with dread, and the man so desperate a character, that she dared not, upon her own responsibility, betray Lucille—at least not until the very last moment.

Fifteen minutes—half an hour passed slowly The intruder sat and stared at her, enjoying her distress: the silence was such that she feared some inadvertent movement, or even the stifled breath of the prisoner, would betray She began, nervously, to talk about the weather and the hard times, getting up and looking out of the window and wondering why Lucille did not return. She would have gone out and summoned help to remove the man; but she feared to leave her friend alone; she was sure, if she did, that he would go to rummaging the room; or, being alone in it, he might detect even a breath. Each moment grew more unendurably long; she gasped in sympathy with her stifling friend; the man began to whistle, in an undertone, to pass away the time, when suddenly the crash of a falling dish in the fatal closet made her heart stand

The stranger looked at the closet and at her

'Those troublesome rats!" she exclaimed, and seeing that he sat in such a position as would prevent his looking inside, she went to the closet and partially unclosed the door, crying out, "husht!" to the imaginary pests, while she looked at Lucille to question her if she would be released. The wild, imploring look, the gesture commanding her to close the door, caused her to do so despite her fears, and the expression of suffering on the white face.

Again she sat down. She arose and again ocked out the window. A couple of police officers were standing on the opposite pave-

Perhaps Lucille has stepped into Mrs. I do fancy you in a white apron and French Mackaye's on her way up-stairs," she said: vill go see," and passing out, she flewwith her utmost speed down the many stairs and out of the main entrance.

"Come, come," she cried, beckoning to the policemen, quick! There is a bad man upstairs; he will do harm!

Startled more by her look than words, they followed her back, reaching the room just as its occupant, tired of inaction, was exploring the premises for himself.

Oh, it's you, is it?" exclaimed one of the officers; and the two, knowing by former experience that he was as powerful as he was reckless, sprung upon him at once.

Tina shrunk into a corner, while a short, flerce struggle took place, during which the room. Then she sprung to the closet. As she opened it, Lucille, whose face was resting against the door, fell forward against her.
"She is dead!" shrieked Tina, sinking to the to recover her; but the change of position sent the blood back to the brain of the unconscious the bride of a month, married to the man gle for breath.

as the terror was off her limbs.
"It was close," was the shivering answer, on earth that can terrify me like that person. Have you locked the door?"

They have him; you need not fear; they will place him in prison," said her little companion, soothingly, though herself trembling. "He will get away from them, as he has

done before. He will get away, and come back here! Oh, I am so glad that we are to leave this spot in the morning. We will keep supposed him to be in another part of the jewels of diamonds and emeralds. world, and to think he was so near!" with a prolonged shudder.

Mrs. Mackaye came up to see what the officers had been after, and finding the girls so nervous and alarmed, made them come down and stay with her until bedtime. When they returned to their room they fastened the door, "No dragged the furniture before it, and orept ngly to bed, and into each other's arms. Their sleep was broken. If the elder one sunk into slumber she would awake with a start or a terrified scream, while the younger, alarmed by sympathy, puzzled her head in wonder as what connection that hard-looking man could have with the fortunes of Lucille-Lucille, so self-possessed, usually so courageous-Lucille, so proud and bright—so far above others in her station—Lucille, in whose hidden history she began to take the deepest interest.

In the morning the two girls prepared themselves for the novel step they were about to take; very little preparation, indeed, was necessary, as they had no means of adding to their wardrobes, and the furniture of their room was rented with it. Lucille filled a large paper-box with the flowers they had on hand, and the remaining material.

"Take this with you, Tina; Mrs. Maxwell will perhaps purchase the flowers, which will enable you to provide yourself with stuff for those white aprons; and you can amuse your-self, in your leisure hours, in manufacturing more. Don't be so saving of coal this morning; put on all there is, and let us be thoroughly warmed before we set out."

There was a glowing fire, and the bread and butter was unstinted. Tina wished to run to the corner grocer's for coffee and milk, of which she knew her room-mate was fond, but Lucille would not hear to her leaving her alone a moment. Her eyes glittered, and the red spot, so indicative of intense excitement, burned on either cheek; her movements were nervously hurried, although she knew they would not be expected for several hours, in the houses to which they were to go. She ate very little, and spoke less; until, noticing that her own mood was depressing Tina, whom she wished to keep in good spirits, she suddenly dashed into the opposite extreme of gay and audacious

"You can play lady, little one, to your heart's content. When your mistress is away you can assume her character—borrow her silken robes, sparkling jewels, et cetera, and break the hearts of the footman and butler.

"If it were you, now, Lucille, you would not have to play lady. You always are a lady, and I believe you have been as rich as any of them, some time. You aren't angry with me

No, Tina; you can not help your opinions. And you always persist in having flattering opinions of me. I suppose you are full of curiosity to know how I could have any acquaintance with that man who came here yesterday —how he could have power over me to terrify me so. It is natural that you should wish to understand it; but I can not explain now. Some time, Tina, when I have broken my chain -when I am free, you shall know all. Now, you must take me on trust.'

echoed the younger girl, re-"On trust!" proachfully. She would as soon have thou of taking a queen on trust, as Lucille, whom she

respected almost as much as she adored.

"You are a loving creature, and you will have your reward," said Lucille, looking into the brown eyes until something of the hardness of her own glittering glance was melted. "I constitute myself your grandmother, little one, and some day I shall come to you in your cinders of servitude, and bring you the glass slippers and the coach-and-four."

And the Prince?" laughed Tina "If you promise me to wait for the Prince. and not to flirt with any of the lower rank in the mean time, I will bring him, too. But come, Tina, let us be generous, and make Mrs. Mackaye a present of everything for which we have no use—the tea-pot and spoons, plates, and milk-pitcher. Thank heaven! it is nine o'clock, and we can set forth upon our adventure.

Mrs. Mackaye wept with true Irish prodigality when the "beautiful childer" stopped at er door to say good-by; but no sooner were they down the stairs than she wiped her eyes on her apron, and went up to console herself with the treasures they had abandoned.

To think of Miss Lucille a-turnin' nursery maid," she remarked, as she gathered up the spoils; "she'll frighten the poor babby her grand airs, quite out of its appetite, I'm I'd sooner ask Queen Victory to make pap for me than Miss Lucille. She ought to go on the Bowery boards, that's what she bught. She'd mak' her fortune, shure. sweet she'd be, now, in the Lady of Lions, or

This opinion of Mrs. Mackaye's was shared by another—Lucille herself, who was well aware that she had talents for the stage, and who, often, in hours of desperation and fierce striving with poverty, had resolved to under take her legitimate occupation; and who had only been withheld-not by doubts of its propriety, for she had high respect for the ge of the world's great players, to whom she felt great fear and terror which she had manifested resterday—the fear of being recognized and unted down by one whom it was the set task of her life to avoid.

CHAPTER III.

ONE PART OF A MYSTERY

MRS. BRANTHOPE MAXWELL was going out to a New Year's Eve festival, held in her own

father's house. "We must hurry, Tina," she said, as she sat before her mirror, watching the effect of the manipulation to which her beautiful hair was being subjected; "mamma wishes me to assist in receiving the guests, and I ought to be home How natural it comes to 'home'—as if this was not my home! What a happy girl I am, to have two homes!" | darling Lucille?"

floor with her burden, unable to make an effort and she laughed with that joyousness which

who soon unclosed her eyes with a strug- of her choice, surrounded by luxury, and petted by a circle of friends, she had no excuse "Dear, darling Lucille, I thought you were suffocated," sobbed Tina, laying her friend's if not vain—and she was no more so than circumstances justified—she must have been satisfied with the reflected beauty upon which she gazed. She belonged to one of the most charm-"hot and close! but it was not that! When I heard that terrible man's oaths and his struggles, I fainted from fright. There is nothing features, a refined expression mingled of good breeding and intellectual cultivation; to this add the grace of stylish and exquisite costume, (in which, despite the port remarks of letter-writers, it is evident that our country women excel,) and you may believe that Mrs. Maxwell made an agreeable picture inside of that elaborate gilt frame. She was already dressed for the festival, and sat with a light shawl over her shoulders, while Tina put the finishing touches to her hair. Her pink silk dress was the door locked every moment until we go. I touches to her hair. Her pink silk dress was far into my confidence, in order, dear Tina, shall not feel safe until I am far from here. I trimmed with white lace, and embellished with that you may not put a falls constructed upon that you may not put a falls constructed to determine the confidence of the conf

"Why, where did that come from? It is perfect!" she cried, as Tina placed amid her golden-brown locks, just above her smooth, low forehead, a small diadem of moss-rosebuds, which she fastened with one of the jeweled

"Are they real?" "No, madam; I made them after I saw your dress. You know it is my business to make

"Yes; but I never saw any so life-like. How delicate the moss is! and the buds just match my dress. Tina, you are a treasure! I thank you for your pretty New Year's gift. Branthope will fall in love with me anew when he

The young bride called her husband "Branto her dressing-maid, which lapse of thope," dignity was partly owing to her great happiness, that overflowed, in confidence, to all about her, and partly to Tina's own gentle, unassuming ways, that drew forth this confidence, as naturally as light draws open the hearts of

"I am so glad you fancy it, Mrs. Maxwell," "Did not some one knock?"

Tina opened the door, and saw her friend, ncille, who drew back when she perceived that the lady of the house was still in her chamber, saying that she would return to the kitchen. Mrs. Maxwell, who recognized her as the girl who recommended her maid to her, asked her to come in, saving that she was about to go, and Tina would soon be at liberty.

Locking her jewel casket, and taking up her fan and handkerchief, the young wife lingered for another glance in the mirror, when her husband, not waiting for an answer to his tap on the door, entered, saying:

I am afraid we shall be late, Violet-the carriage is at the door. Why, darling, how beautiful you are to-night. You never looked etter-not even in your wedding-dress." You see things couleur de rose,' laughed

"I could not see them otherwise to-night. escape his observation.

The sudden change in his demeanor caused Mrs. Maxwell to say, carelessly:
"It is only a friend of Tina's. They are to

I don't like it," muttered Mr. Maxwell; but the glance of defiance he shot at the intru-der was met by one as unswerving. He fidgeted a moment about the dressing-bureau, saying to his wife, as he did so:

Come, now I am ready, if you are, Mrs. Maxvell,' and he contrived, skillfully, to drop the paper in Lucille's hand, before he left the After he had been some time gone, she read it while Tina's attention was diverted to other matters:

"If you want money, you shall have it—freely. But don't begin to make trouble at this late hour of the day. If you do, I have a way of revenging myself. G. N. is in town—do you know it?—and I will set him on your track if you interfere with my affairs."

The red blood flushed up to the girl's fore-

True to his nature," she thought, while her lip curled with anger and contempt—"always cowardly, always ready to sacrifice me. It is like him to threaten, after I have promised immunity for his base deeds. If it were not for the innocence of that bride's loving face, I would ruin him to-morrow. Yes, I would dare all the consequences—I would break the bonds of this fear which have held me back from doing that which I ought to have done for my-self. I will appeal to the public for protection from them all. The whole three shall not have power to silence me. Branthops threaten me, indeed, when he quakes with a miserabl terror, day and night, lest I should expose him! It will be far better for him to conci ate and to protect, than to urge me on to the last extremity. He depends too much upon the influence of the past. He ought to know, sneeringly, "how all that weighs against him instead of in his favor, with me. Good hea vens! what does he suppose I am made of, that I should be so different from other women? I have been a fool to allow him to see in what dread I stood of that other man.

"What ails you this evening, Lucille? You are growing tired, I know, of work to which you are not accustomed. Oh, I wish you had say to you. taken my place, which is so easy and pleasant, and Tina, sitting on the carpet at Lucille's feet, rested her head on her knee, looking up with

affectionate eyes. "You are a good and loving little friend, Tina; but don't fret yourself about having the easiest situation. I told you there were reasons for my not wishing it. Why, Tina, if you knew them, you would laugh at the ridiculous-ness of the idea! It would make you merry a it advisable for me to leave town for a time

whole evening," smiling bitterly to see you doing things which are plainly not the police was a-goin' to hold me responsible habitual with you," answered the other, gravely. "As for me, I have always made flowers -always been poor; but with you it is other-

'How do you know! "By the evidence of my senses. I wish I

told me once there was a romantic mystery "Dear Mrs. Griggs," said Lucille, softly, the tears springing to her eyes, "how good she was, in spite of her ignorance and comical sen-

would be a comfort." "Can't I comfort you the least little bit,

'Tina, I know you love me, but have you discretion to receive a weighty secret and keep it carefully? You might do much harm to the it carefully? You might do much harm to the excited his curiosity to that pitch he was ready happiness of an innocent person if you were to come down handsome with almost any do or say anything unwise-

"I know I'm not wise; but I shall try not to

Nor one other, who is destined to be a good friend of yours. Mr. Maxwell is a cou-sin of mine; we spent years under the same roof; every dollar of the property of which he has possession-over a hundred thousand dollars—is mine; mine, legally, and so certainly that I have at any moment only to avow my. self, and the law will place it at once in my hands. He is as fully aware of it as I am. is natural that he should not like to have me about. But, circumstances may arise which will render it necessary for me to do some unexpected things; and I have taken you thus far into my confidence, in order, dear Tina, evidences, which you will hardly fail to detect, of a previous acquaintance between Mr. Max well and myself. I do not wish his wife to observe this, since no explanations can be made to her which will not damage her hus

band in her eyes.' "How strange it all seems, Lucille, and you

absolutely wanting bread!"
"That was an accident. Yet, for all my cousin really cares, I might starve, and welunless driven to it to preserve myself from omething which I dread more than hunger, oneliness, or death itself.

What is that, dear Lucille?" "Don't ask me. I cannot put my unhappi ness into words. As to my future, I was no designed, as you say, for a nursery-maid. A design which I have long entertained, I intend now to carry out. I shall soon go to England, and study for the stage. But, listen, and do not forget, Tina! Where I go must be known to nobody except yourself. Mr. Maxwell, of all men, must not dream of it. It is of vital importance that I get off without my destination being suspected. After I reach London, I shall send my address to you under a fictitiou name, so that if there should arise the necessity of any communication on my part, or on yours, some one in this wide world will know where I am. I am under the necessity of go ing abroad, to avoid recognition in my new calling. I am now going to write a note to Mr. Maxwell, to demand of him a sum suffcient to pay the expenses of the voyage, and my way in a strange city, until I am able to earn my living as an actress. But he is not to know for what purpose I use the money. He must believe that I am in this country—at the West, giving lessons as a music-teacher, or something of that kind. I am educated, Tina accomplished, as the phrase goes—in music and the modern languages, which will be a

have a good voice-and talent. "As for you, pretty one, I would advise you Rose is a favorite color of mine. I used to to stay where you are, even if your own trade fancy it with dark hair and eyes; but I find now, that it harmonizes with blue eyes and golden hair," and stepping forward gayly, he home, and will be protected from the unpleaswas about to place himself by his wife's side, when his glance fell upon Lucille, who had shrunk to the far end of the room, and was if you will give me a scrap of paper I will standing quite composed, but pale, hoping to write my note, and you must contrive to descape his observation. know anything of our matters. He will naturally suspect you of being my confidant, and will wish to get rid of you; you must allow have the evening to themselves after we go him to perceive that you know nothing what out." I wish you to remain here, Tina, not only on your own account, but in order that you may be able to correspond with me when I desire to learn what happens this side of the water.

great assistance to me in my new career. I

But I dare sav it will be some time before ! really am ready. The paper, please, child, or I shall be reprimanded for late hours," and Lu ille laughed in spite of her anxieties.

The paper was brought, and she wrote: "I do know that G. N. is in town. I had a visit from him. I also know that he is in prison, so that he cannot harm me for the present. Before he is let loose I wish to emigrate. I many go to St. Louis, when I hear there is work for music-teachers. Such a course on my part will doubtless be a relief to your mmd—though I had no intention of troubling Mrs. M.'s happiness at present—and you will be glad to get for me the money promised. A thousand dollars is what I want to support me, until, by efforts in a new sphere, I can support myself. The sooner that sum is furnished, the sooner your mind will be at ease."

This she left for Tina to deliver, by leaving it on his dressing-table, where he could not fail to see it when he came home, or when he dressed in the morning: and then, with an arout at the hall-door, she ran down the stens in the dim lamplight, and was soon in front of the house in which she was serving. As she was about to go down the area, some one grasped

her by the arm. "Got you this time," said a well-known voice, at which she gave a faint scream. "Didn't have the pleasure of findin' you to hum, when I called t'other day."

"I-I thought you were in-"The Tombs? Oh, so I was, till I come to trial and they couldn't prove nothing, as I knew they couldn't all the time. Then, of course, I was free to pay my compliments to my lady ag'in. I've had great news for you. You hadn't ought to keep out o' my way. pon my word you hadn't; you're doin' your

Truly, now? But jist let me tell you that

I've been down South, and I seen him, and had a good long talk with him." Lucille trembled from head to foot; he could feel it, as he grasped her arm, and he smiled

'You see it was getting warm weather," he went on, in a mocking tone, "an' I had to take a tower for my health. Circumstances made hole evening," smiling bitterly.

One o' my passengers lost his pocket-book in "It always has appeared ridiculous to me an unaccountable manner, an' I understood

a most unkind proceeding, I must say—for the gentleman's loss; so I thought 'twould save trouble all 'round, and be the fashionable thing, too, to take a tower. Now, if a pusson can mix business and pleasure, to the same time, he's a-killin' two birds with one stone. knew more about you, dear Lucille, for I love When I had to decide in what direction, I says, you; yet I feel so far from you. Mrs. Griggs 'South America, why not?' and I ships in a sailing vessel, pays my way like a first-class passenger, an' a nice time I had of it goin' down. When we arrived at Maracaibo, no time, Missus, in findin' out the house to this Mexican must come and spoil all.

which the senor belonged. had gone to Panama on some railroad business, outand wouldn't be back for some weeks; but, as I'd nothing to do, I waited. Mighty sight | top watched the doctor nervously, his lips | brain.

Lucille looked down at her earnestly a few easier a-layin' around there loose in the summer weather than drivin' a back in New York. Wal, the senor come back, an' I met him by chance, an' I had a little talk with him, an' I amount. Fact is, he paid me a cool two thousand before my story was all told, he was so

surprised and interested. "Oh, how could you do it?" moaned Lucille,

her voice husky, as if her throat was parched. "Shall I write an' tell him you was so kind as to inquire after him?" "I don't care what you do. Let me pass; I

wish to go in." "And go in you shall, my lady, now that we know in what nest the bird is." "We?" cried Lucille, involuntarily casting a glance about her, as she broke from the man's

hold and hurried down the steps. Hasty as was her glance, she was positive that she saw a figure, wrapped in a cloak, standing in the shadow of the tall brown-stone houses across the way. His figure!

It seemed to her as if she were an hour descending the area steps and ringing the bell, and as if it were an age before the sleepy servant admitted her. She pushed wildly past the girl, when the door was opened, cried to her to bolt it fast, and sunk upon a chair, her heart palpitating as if it would leap from her

"I have had a fright! A rough fellow spoke to me," she said in explanation, as soon as she could command her voice; then, without waiting for more words with her companion, she hurried up to her own little room, fastened her door, and flung herself on the bed, saying:

"My refuge invaded so soon. It was he! He has returned, and for me! In three days more I should have been away-safe on Now, oh, now, where shall I hide myself?"

(To be continued.)

EVENING.

BY FRANCES MARIE COLE.

With folded hands the dead day lies In violet dusk and May's sweet snow: The light has shuddered from her eyes And from her checks the rose.

The peace of evening crowns the dead And damps with gracious tears the air; The gold that crewhile lit her head Now lives upon your hair. And lives the "light I love the best" Within these crystal mirroring wells; The kisses of the morn have pressed Your lips, the red bloom tells,

So close and warm that eve's cool tears Can scarce the rapture lave away; Blush brighter, love. Eros appears, His closer thrill to lay.

If the prone day of warmth is reft Reposes she in starry state;
Time lapses, and the world she left
A resurrection wait.

Beloved of mine, though life is change, And fond hearts take unto them wings, Alas, sometimes, within the range, I think, of fleeting things,

There cannot be the arid space
That holds a furrow deep and wide,
Where, with time's soilure on her face,
Our lifeless love might hide.

If passion failed and hopes went out. Should we a resurrection wait? exurgam is not 'graved about That shut and sealed gate.

BIG GEORGE,

# The Giant of the Gulch:

THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

ed a moment about the dressing outcas, appeared to look for something, tore a leaf out of his note-book, and wrote a few words upon it, his note-book, and wrote a few words upon it, "Just as quickly as I can bring it about. If "Just as quickly as I can bring it about. If "Just as quickly as I can bring it about. If "Facility of the wife as he did so:

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DEED OF DARING. "YAR'S your critter, boss," cried Cottontop, reappearing before the doctor's office, leading two horses by their bridles. "Leastdon't reckon they's ary other fo'-legged animile shaped hoss-fashion in these yar dig-

"It will answer," hastily replied Little Cassino, leaping into the saddle, seemingly sound as a dollar. "I forgot—my horse is dead. Up, man-mount! Every minute now may be

orth a life—mount!",
"Jest as you say, boss," and long-legge Cotton-top hung himself over the saddle, "You're the injuneer o' this machine; I'm only the stoker, but I'll 'bey orders ef I bu'st a

"Come, Gaspard-lead the way!" impatiently cried the doctor, turning toward the Mexican, who smiled faintly.

"It will have to be slow then, senor. I cov ered the last five miles in half an hour, over the mountains, on foot. My horse stumbled and broke its neck. Jose said haste, and I did ot stop to take breath. I am only flesh and blood, senor."

You must get him a horse, Cotton-top "Ef I do I hope I may be cursed!" bluntly interposed the digger. "You ax too much, oss-you do so ! I cornfiscated the critter as you've got atween your legs—it's Blue Johnny's brag plug, an' he'll be jest rip-snortin' blind mad when he finds 'tain't to be found: but I'll be all over doggoned ef I run the resk of bein' strung up fer hoss-stealin' to save the legs o' ary flea-breedin' greaser this side o' ge-mently-so

'If the senor wouldn't mind, and his horse will carry double," muttered Gaspard, doubtingly, "I can get a mount at the Spanish Quarter. It would not be much out of our

'ay."
"Up with you—behind me," tersely uttered

The Mexican nimbly sprung upon the "corn fiscated plug's "haunches, retaining his position with the ease of a monkey, despite the plunges and desperate bucking of the animal. al taste of the spurs soon put an end to this exthe almost deserted town and out through the

Cotton-top contented himself with keeping close upon their heels, and if ever mortal's face expressed unmitigated disgust, his was that face. He had made up his mind that Lit- fully primed and re-capped revolver completed tle Cassino was badly injured, that only long and careful nursing could bring him through safely. Though grumblingly—for that was Cassino cautiously began scaling the steep hill-

hich the senor belonged.
"I was a little disappointed to find that he ed the deposed nurse." Ef I ever ketch him

During the first half-hour's riding, Cotton-

puckered up all ready to say "I knowed it!" at the first sign of his giving way; but the words were never uttered. Little Cassino rode and bore himself as though he had never known a hurt or moment's illness, and not a word was uttered aloud by any of the party until the Spanish Quarter was at hand.
"A thousand thanks, senor," cried Gaspard,

sliding to the ground as the cluster of huts was sighted. "Keep right on through the pass. I will overtake you by that time," and he ran wiftly toward the settlement

"Yas—with a gang o' flea-kivered cutthroats like hisself!" grunted Cotton-top, taking care tha his revolvers worked freely in their ca 'Its temptin' Providence trustin' them yaller-bellies—but I hope they'll come—the hull dogned tribe! I feel jest like chawin' somethin

nto shoe-strings. "You'll not have the chance at them this bout, old man," quietly replied Little Cassino. "I know Gaspard and Jose Sylva. In this matter they can be trusted, if in no other. They have as black cause for hating the Pep pers as I have. Ha! yonder he comes -and

Silenced, if not satisfied, Cotton-top resumed his place in the rear as Gaspard, wellmounted, overtook them.

'Now," said Little Cassino; "tell me where Jose is-how did you find him?" "It is a simple story, senor," replied Gas-ird. "You know we have been shadowing pard.

him -this accursed Chile Colorado. Jose tried one shot, but missed him."
"Yaller-belly fashion!" sniffed Cotton-top. A shot from kiver, then runnin' like a skeer-

Gaspard grinned faintly at the interruption,

"We watched them go in the theater, but couldn't get close enough to make sure work; so we waited. You know what followed. We heard the noise; we saw him come out, the lady in his arms. We sprung upon him, but the devil aided him now, as ever. He broke loose, and fled, after Muerte, who had the lady. You came out, then, and we got tangled up for a minute. That was all he needed. killed Muerte, and rode away, bearing the woman with him. But Jose and I were upon his trail, and though we were upon foot, we kept within hearing of his horse's hoofs. When he struck the mountains, Jose bade me return for horses, while he followed on. I did so. He made the trail a broad one. him soon after daydawn. He told me the game was run to earth; that I must carry the

word to you. I obeyed; I killed my horse, but I delivered my message."
"But Red Pepper—will he not escape?"
The Mexican smiled grimly.

"Jose Sylva is on guard, senor. If the wolf attempts to leave his hole, he will die. Besides, he is hurt—maybe crippled. His horse fell in the dark, over a bowlder. He kept on, but the trail showed blood-drops, and that he limped badly. He only crept on up the hill-side to a cave. You will find him there, dead

Cotton-top fairly snorted with disgust. Two stout, well-armed men had treed a cripple yet had hastened after aid to capture him! Only his strong affection for Little Cassino kept him from taking the back trail in high dudgeon. Gaspard could not mistake his meaning, and his snake-like eyes glittered ve-

nomously, though he spoke calmly enough. "We are bound by a terrible oath, senor; I cannot explain further. Only—were it even suspected that we had raised one finger against him, a hundred knives would seek out our neart's blood, even though we were to hide in the bowels of the earth.'

"He will understand you better presently, Gaspard. But now-pass on. 'Tis growing

No more words were spoken. The sun sunk to rest and the shades of night were falling fast, when at a sign from the Mexican they dismounted and secured their animals, then noiselessly stole forward. A low whistle-a

"All goes well," he quickly said, anticipat ing the questions Little Cassino would have asked. "They are in the cave still. About noon he started to come out, and only for an accident, he would have been cold ere this. A twig caught my trigger, and the bullet flattenways, ef 'tain't your'n it's the best I kin do. I ed on the rock by his side. He has kept quiet since then; has not showed himself once.

"He knows that we are here, then!" ex-claimed Little Cassino. "Is there no way by which we can take him by surprise "None. I know the den well. There is but the one entrance—just at that white ledge beneath the dead pine; you see? Only fer her

'twould be easy to starve him out." She is there, then—you have seen her?" "Not since last night; but heard her-yes. She was singing this morning-Little Cassino uttered an incredulous cry

"It is true, senor," affirmed Jose, quietly. That was a little while before he came to the I was glad to hear it, because it told me that he had not been abusing her. She seemed light-hearted enough; the song was a one—'twould have sounded well with a guitar or mandolin." Little Cassino could scarce believe his ears;

yet the Mexican spoke in accents of truth. Stolen away from all that she held dear on earth—with the death shriek of her husband ringing in her ears-by a brutal, conscienceless ruffian who acknowledged no law save his own dark passions—yet singing merrily in his company! There was something revolting in

Yet it drove him into swifter action than he might otherwise have ventured. For a time he had been watching the ledge indicated. deep shadow was now creeping over it; ten minutes more would leave it all darkness. During that time he formed his plan-a recklessly daring one; and then divulged it to his

For a moment they were too astounded to speak, but then Cotton-top began an earnest

"Drop that, old man," quietly responded the doctor. "I have made up my mind, and nothing you can say will make me change it. you can do is to wait for my signal, then play vour part as best you may

Cotton-top was silenced if not convinced. hibition, and then the trio rode rapidly through He knew that Little Cassino meant business when he spoke in that tone.

The doctor's preparations for his venture were simple enough. He removed his boots and outer garments, retaining only stockings, trowsers and close-fitting undershirt. A care

second nature to him-he had undertaken the side, taking advantage of every bush and bowltask, throwing his whole heart into it, and now | der, throwing away no single chance, though all was silent as death above. Yet he knew that he had to deal with a cunning and desperate man, who might even then be peering down upon him, only waiting for the proper moment to send a bullet through his heart or



senses would have cared even to think about, yet Little Cassino did not falter or hesitate for a single moment. Stealthily he crept forward, nearing the little ledge which gave entrance to the cave, using both eyes and ears, though the fermer were of little service to him just then.

He reached the base of the ledge, and crouched down beside it, listening intently. All was still—so silent that he was half tempted to believe that the game had fled, despite the Mexican's confident assurance to the contrary. That fear urged him on.

rose up and peered over the ledge. All was dark and silent. Then he dragged himself up, lying flat upon the rock. He could just make out the low, irregular outline of entrance. The passage seemed free for him.

Inch by inch he drew nearer, each moment expecting to receive a knife-thrust or pistol bullet. It was a period of trial that few men could have endured without blenching. nearer, until his head was fairly within the

Then without a sound he sunk flat upon his Pepper brothers were awaiting them? face, thrilling in every nerve.

#### CHAPTER XIX. AT THE GULCH.

Long threatening, the storm had at last arisen which bade fair to sweep the Pepper brothers from the face of the earth. A storm that had been brewing for many a month, needing nothing but a stout heart and ready hand to give direction—and these were no longer want-This last brutal outrage gave the needed impetus, nor was the hot, deadly lust of ven-

As Little Cassino fell, Bart Noble came forward. A better leader, in such a cause, could scarcely have been found. Possessed of a rude eloquence, it was easy for him to fan the flerce flames and keep them to a white heat, knowing his men so thoroughly. Well known to all; cool skillful and fearless; quick to plan and prompt to execute, Bart Noble cut little time to waste, and soon had his men well in hand. Well mounted, thoroughly armed, they rode out of Blue Earth just as the first rosy beams of day were lighting up the mountain-tops. Two score in all, stout, resolute men, bound for Diamond Gulch, the headquarters of the desperado brothers.

'It'll be no fool play, boys," said Bart Noble, just before starting. "Tain't the Peralone. They've got the Lord only knows "Tain't the Peppers many imps a-workin' fer 'em—'nough, anyhow, to bother us like fun ef so be we let 'em git all ready fer us. One man onder kiver inside that gulch is ekil to six outside."

"Ef they's a thousan', we're the boys to chaw 'em up, Uncle Bart," interposed Dandy Dave. "Jest to think o' that ge-lorious gal—it makes me feel wolfish!'

"You jist keep on thinkin' that-a-way—an' when you git a chaince, make your teeth meet

There was little conversation along the The feeling was too stern and deadly They were riding to avenge many a black and ruthless crime, and had thought for

The trail was a plain and well-known one, the distance not great, and had nothing trans-pired to delay them, the fugitive brothers would have run blindly into a trap.

Riding a few yards in advance, his keen eyes roving restlessly in every direction, Bart Noble suddenly checked his horse with a jerk that forced it upon its haunches.

His gaze had been arrested by the maneuvers of several buzzards, slowly circling through the air, hovering above one particular spot, and gradually nearing the earth. He knew that they had sighted prey of some kind. At any other time, this would not have caused him a second thought; but now he felt interested, and slightly diverged from the main trail until he caught sight of the object which had attracted the winged scavengers

A sharp cry parted his lips, as he pointed to-

For the third time within a week had their blood been chilled by that dread sight-a headless corpse, an arm without a hand, a missing

Bart Noble was the first to recover from the shock, and spurred his snorting, terrified mustang forward. But then, with a second thought, he dismounted, flinging the reins to the near-

You come long o'me, Dandy Dave, Shanks and Gopher. Ef ever we're to see through this devil's business, now's our chaince. Mind whar you step. Them as did this job couldn't leave without makin' some sign on this sand. Keer-

The four men paused beside the mutilated corpse. The dark skin, black hair, thin, stragling beard and mustache, together with the fashion of the garments, spoke plain enough. The dead man was a Mexican.

"I cain't see through it—it beats my time!" muttered Noble, shaking his head. "They wasn't no Mexicans in that outfit—Harry Love hed fit them too often fer that-he'd sooner chum 'long o' a rattler!"

'Mebbe it's a blind," suggested Gopher. "Some feller hed a grudge ag'inst him—lit in-to him heavy, then fixed things like this, so folks 'd lay it to them as laid out Hammer Tom

and Saltpeter. "Spread an' look fer sign-ef we kin only

git a clue to work by!" added Bart.

The trio obeyed, but their quest was in vain.

Though the soil, moist and loamy, was very favorable for receiving and retaining impressions, no footprints, save their own, marked the spot. Puzzled, and not a little uneasy, the trail-hunters finally abandoned their vain search, at a word from Noble. In silence he led the way back to their horses, mounted and trotted off up the valley. One crisp sentence, dropped by Shanks, aptly expressed the opinions of the ma-

"It's a devlish job, an' the devil did it, too!"
It was briefly after this that Big George caught a glimpse of their party, from the ridge-top, and, readily divining the object of their ride, took precautions to avoid the snare into which he might otherwise have ridden.

Only once did Bart Noble call a halt before reaching Diamond Gulch. Then his words

were few and to the point.

"A quarter furder 'll fetch it, boys. Now mind. You've 'lected me boss o' this outfit, an' I'm goin' to run it a'cordin' to my own notions o' what is right. Them as ain't ready to 'bey orders, chuck up from the word go, 'd better skin out now, afore any harm's did. The cuss as acts contrairy to my orders 'll hev to lick me the minnit this job is over."

"We ain't afeard to trust you, Uncle Bart," interrupted Dandy Dave. "You tell us what to do, an' we'll do it."

That's all I ax. You ain't to burn powder ontel I say so-but ef I give the word, jist sail in fer all you're wuth! Keep your tools ready an' your eyes wide open. Now, trot up." Passing around a little island of trees and un- here while Big George is away?"

It was a venture that few men in their sober | dergrowth, the entrance to Diamond Gulch lay before their eyes. It was a picturesque spot,

but one that the eye alone could do justice to The long valley ended abruptly here in a towring range of rocky hills, almost perpendicular, yet studded here and there with evergreens and creepers. This tremendous wall was broken only in one spot—by Diamond Gulch.

The entrance was scarce thirty feet in width here, though nearly thrice that at the top, full four hundred feet above. Nearly all of this thirty feet was occupied by a clear, rapid stream of water, tumbling out from beneath the trees and matted vines that formed a perfect arch above. Upon each side of the stream a narrow trail was visible for a few yards, disappearing beneath the shrubbery. By these trails alone could any person enter the gulch, since the force of the stream was such that no man could have reasted its current.

A rapid glance passed through the little band. Though the majority had seen as much, at least nce, it was under different circumstances. The position was well-nigh impregnable, if manned by a few resolute men. What, then, if the

Whatever may have been his thoughts, Bart Noble did not hesitate for a moment, but rode steadily on as though resolved to carry the position by storm. All was silent, save the roaring of the little stream. The gulch seemed de serted of all human life. Not a sound, until Noble was within fifty feet of the entrance, then a clear, high-toned voice challenged them

"Halt! hold your places, or I fire! Who and what are you? What is it you want here?" "Cool an' easy does it, fri'nd," promptly replied Bart, though reining in his horse. caint't expect a critter to answer a wagon-load

questions all to oncet." You have no business here-"That you cain't know, pard—though you talk like you did," easily leughed Noble. "I reckon this is a free country, an' we've a right

to come an' go-"Just as far as you have, but no further. Fifty feet from the rock—and from that back to the further end of the gulch—is private property. We've got the papers to show for it. you pass over that line you do so at your own risk, now you are warned."

S'pose my business says I must cross itwhat then?"

"My business says that if you try it, you will never live to take a second step across it, if there's any virtue in powder and lead," was the prompt reply.

Your business wouldn't last much longer than mine, anyway, fer you wouldn't live long enough to go to my funeral. But let that drop. 've got business in thar, an' in 1'm goin', either peaceably or otherwise, jest as the case may be.
I don't blame you, pard, fer stickin' up fer your boss; only, to save trouble, mebbe you'd better

"Who is it you mean? who do you want to "Big George," promptly replied Noble "He isn't here."

"Then one o' his brothers-I ain't nowise

'They are with him—at the settlements. I believe that you know it as well as I do, or you wouldn't talk quite so brash. You are from Blue Earth, Bart Noble—and there's where Big George and his brothers are."

No they ain't, or I wouldn't be here axin' fer them. Now look here, pard; let's play a' open hand. You talk like a white man. I don't b'lieve you're the sort to stan' atween jestice an' a dirty scamp who robbed a pore ek devil of his hard-airned dust, an' then mur dered him in the barg'in—now, would ye?"
"Who is he—and what's his name?" slowly.

"Bob Greenleaf-Sandy Bob, he's better known; a tall, crooked-shanked galoot, squinteyed an' 's got a red wart on his nose. "There's no such man been here," was the

prompt reply. "He was trailed clean here—they wa'n't no back tracks. They ain't no other hidin'-place nigh—nur he hain't went back down the valey, nur yit crossed the ridge. Mind, fri'nd, I ward it. His look of horror was reflected ain't hintin' that you lie, but you must 'a' bin found contempt for the "greasers" would not from the faces of his followers.

I know he's allow him to use the language unless absolutein thar, an' we've swore to hev his skelp, no matter who stands in the way. Now thar's two vays. You'll let us in quietly; we'll s'arch fer him, an' ef we don't find what we

want, why, then we'll leave. Ef you won't—well, we'll come in anyhow."

"All of you wouldn't go out again on your own legs, then. But take it easy. I've sent see whether you are to enter or not. You-

Il have your answer in a minute Good enough! Thar's nothin' like reason. I thought I'd arg'e you into the notion o' bein' sensible, ef you ondly give me time," chuckled Bart, sitting as though perfectly at ease, while every sense was upon the alert to guard against

'Well, gentlemen, what is it you wish?" Bart Noble started violently, while a low murmur of astonishment arose from the miners as their eyes fell upon the speaker.

CHAPTER XX.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.
PARTING the bushes before her with one hand, stood the speaker—a woman. Only the upper portion of her person was revealed, framed in a network of the dense foliage. A head and bust of marvelous beauty. The face, purely oval in its contour; the rich complexon, pure and clear, yet dashed with the gentlypronzing touch of the sun's caressing fingers; the eyes, large and translucent, now filled with resolute glow; the full red lips, the rounded chin and swelling neck that sloped down to meet the well-developed yet perfectly symmetrical bosom; with jewels flashing from her ebon hair, her neck, her finely-molded arms; a simple white garment enveloping that portion of her person exposed by the parted bushes—stood the woman, a very queen in

A slight smile just stirred her lip, as she noticed the sensation her unexpected appearance had created. A less acute eye than hers would have found no difficulty in translating those looks and muttered exclamations of wonder. But if she experienced a momentary pride at this homage to her bewildering beauty, it was

as suddenly subdued. Again she spoke, her voice sounding almost chillingly hard.
"You asked for me, gentlemen. I am here, ready to hear your business. What is your

"We wanted to see Big George—" hesitated Noble "He is not here—as none should know better than yourself. Your insolent parley would

have ended long since, had the King of Dia-

mond Gulch been here to answer you.' "Like enough—like enough, ma'am," coolly retorted Bart, the scornful tone dissipating the glamour her appearance had cast over him. We kin deal easier with men critters then with ladies, sence we know the use of our han's a heap better'n we do our tongues. But never mind that now. I reckon we kin manidge to onderstan' each other. Then you hev charge

this question.

"Good enough! I ax you, then, as I would dren. ax Big George of he was here: is it peace or war? We want to come in thar, with permission ef we kin, without it, ef we must.

cool reply. "There can be no entrance here permission. I have been told your without professed object—the pursuit of a murderer. You have been assured that no such fugitive is harbored here. Is not that enough?"

"Seein' is believin', ma'am," persisted Bart.
"We cain't know ontel we look. Not that we loubt your word—we're too white fer that; but it'd be a easy job fer ary one o' your boys to smuggle in a fri'nd, an' you be none the And if you are denied entrance?'

"We'll keep on axin' jest as hard as we know now, long's thar's one o' us left to pull trigger or han'le a knife.' "If you are allowed to search the gulch

thoroughly, and do not find the man you seek, will you then depart quietly, without dispute

"Sartin," promptly replied Bart.
"Very well; you can enter. And the sooner you are satisfied of your error, the better We will be pleased."

With these words, the woman turned and

disappeared behind the foliage. Bart Noble did not speak, but as he turned oward his party, each man read aright his gesture. It told them to have their weapons ready, to keep on their guard against treach-

None of this suspicion did the old digger betray as he urged his hesitating mustang along the narrow, rocky trail beside the for turbulent stream, though his eyes roved keenly around, taking in every detail, every means of defense, and impressing them upon his mind for future use. No human being was visible, save his own party, until a rude bridge of treetrunks was reached, some sixty yards above the mouth of the gulch. Upon the further side stood a woman and two men.

The gulch abruptly widened at this point to thrice its dimensions at the entrance, and the walls of rock beyond swept boldly around upon each side, forming an enormons bowl, or egg-shaped valley, some three hundred yards in width by twice that in length. At the point spanned by the bridge of logs, the stream ran between banks twenty feet above its surface.

Bart Noble took in the situation at a glance "You, Shanks an' Dandy Dave, 'll take half the boys an' look to this side. Look into every rat-hole you kin find. S'arch like you w huntin' fer the soul o' a yaller-belly. Ef you jump the game, take it. Alive ef you kin—a hangin'-bee 'd be a good zample jest now—but take 'em anyhow. Gopher an' Blister 'll leave thar critters an' go back to guard the openin'

The rest o' you come along o' me."
Riding across the bridge, Bart saluted the oman with a respectful admiration which he did not seek to conceal. And little wonder. She was probably five-and-twenty years of

ge. Tall and admirably proportioned, her figure symmetry itself. An embroidered chemise of white silk, secured at the throat by a diamond clasp, the short sleeves looped on the shoulder with like jewels, formed her sole upper garment. A short skirt dark maroon, fell to just below her knees. Full trowsers of like color and material were secured at the ankles with bands of gold, meeting tiny boots of stamped leather, armed with golden spurs. A scarlet sash of China crape encircled her waist. In this were thrust two silver-mounted revolvers and a slender poniard. One hand clasped the muzzle of a light rifle, the stock of which

"You are at liberty to make your search she said, coldly, vouchsafing no other reply to his salutation, and speaking in Spanish though until now she had used the English "I hope, for your sakes, it may be

"Thankee, ma'am," replied Bart, to whom Spanish was perfectly familiar, though his proly necessary. "Ef the warmint is in here we'll find him. It's a way we hev, gen'ally. Mebbe, though, you'd like to go 'long o' us, to see we don't make any mistake in the feller.

'I intend to," coolly. is valuable lying around, and this is 'cleaning up' day with the miners. As I am left in charge, I am responsible for anything that may

be destroyed or stolen."
"We're white men, ma'am; nyther greasers nur pepper-pods. They'll be no stealin' done here long's we run the machine. How it'll be after, in course I caint say.

"Leon," she said, turning to one of the men beside her. "Do you cross over and accom-pany those fellows. If they interfere with any of the workmen, or attempt to molest any per son except the man they say they are in search give the alarm at once.

The man bowed lowly, then hastened across the bridge to join the party led by Dandy Dave and Shanks.

"Now, senor," she added, turning to Noble once more. "I am ready to accompany you. The sooner your search is ended, the better satisfied I shall be. Only—perhaps 'twould be as well for you to warn your ladrones to carry themselves straight. At the first sign stealing, that moment will I shoot the of-

fender—and I never miss my aim."
"Now look yere," exclaimed Bart, fairly nettled at last. "They's sech a thing as runnin' a joke into the ground. A man kin make 'lowance fer a woman's tongue, ef she don't go too fur. But when she keeps on callin' white men thieves - a woman as consorts with sech double-an'-twisted blackguards as them throatcuttin', gal-stealin' Peppers—that's jest one grain too much. We're goin' to look through this hole, an' you cain't help yourself. You're safe enough long's you keep a decent tongue in

Her eyes flaming with anger, the woman drew her dagger and darted toward him. But Noble dextrously caught her wrist, easily disarming her, while those around him quickly awed the Mexican into submission. The woman abruptly ceased her struggles, and a complete change came over her face, as she said,

"I was wrong, senor, and I ask your pardon. I have had much to disturb me, of late. I will try and not give you any further trouble."

"That's hearty. Say no more about it. Here is your plaything," and he returned the

poniard to its owner. To all appearance the breeze had blown over, but Bart Noble noticed a significant glance pass between the two, and though he advanced with seeming confidence in his guides, he kept his

every sense upon the alert. Except among the vine-clad bushes which fringed the base of the rugged stone walls, there were few places where a man could hope to lie concealed within the gulch. The houses were first reached. A dozen or more small. bush-wattled huts; one more pretentious build-

A cold bow was the only reply vouchsafed ing of stone, a few yards distant. These were the captured vessel to the West Indies, raising unoccupied, save by a few women and chil-

Passing on, beating the bushes by the way, the party finally reached the diggings, where nearly a score men were employed with pan "You might not find that so easy," was the and rocker, washing gold. Here the party were re-united, each having the same story to tell-no traces of the game had been discov-

Bart Noble had descended into the huge pit, the better to assure himself that those he sought were not concealed within some of the recesses, when he suddenly became aware that both the woman and the Mexican had disappeared. Instantly suspecting mischief, he sprung to the level and glanced hurriedly around. A momentary gleam of crimson through the bushes guided him, and with a sign for his men to remain where they were, he glided after the clue stealthily as an Indian upon an enemy's fresh trail.

The chase was not a long one. He caught a glimpse of the two standing close together, and with no little skill managed to crawl within ear-shot without disturbing the plotters. The woman was speaking earnestly, and the

"-You will find them there. Bid them, from me, be cautious. Stop their coming, at all events, until they can see the signal that all is well. You cannot pass the mouth—you must take the other trail. Watch your opportunity. I will engage the ladrones so they will

not notice you." Bart Noble did not wait to hear any more. He knew enough for his purpose, and dex-trously retreated until well beyond ear-shot,

ing into the bushes at every step.
Suddenly the woman appeared before him, pale and agitated. Bart Noble smiled grimly,

but said nothing. "Come—there is yet one spot you have not searched," she uttered, touching his arm with

one trembling finger.

These were the words which startled Big leorge, in the tunnel.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 345.)

ASTRAY.

(A Vision.)

BY L C. GREENWOOD. I was weary and my feet refused
To further climb life's rugged hill,
Long they had bled and oft were bruised
By obstructions which my path did fill.
Hope was declining with the day,
As I looked in the far-away.

A pilgrim, on life's pathway rude, I sat discouraged, sad and weak, Surrounded by deep solitude, Too sorrowful to weep or speak. No friend a kindly word to say, To bathe my wounds, soothe my dismay.

No gentle hand to cool my brow:
No whispered hope to greet mine ear,
And lift forebodings dark and low
That long had haunted me with fear;
No one my sadness to allay,
While gazing in the far-away. Oh, pathway long, still left untrod,
I vainly look up to behold
The end of passing 'neath the rod,
O'er thorns and bruising stones all cold!"
I thought, as thus I wretched lay,
And gazed in that dim far-away.

I clasped my hands and breathed a pray'r
All hopefully and trustingly:
When suddenly around, the air
From darkness turned all radiantly,
And o'er a vision, bright as day,
The glory of a halo lay.

O'er voice I now had found control,
My tears again began to flow.
My lips gave utterance to my dole;
A joy I long had ceased to know,
Seemed my sad spirit to infuse,
And these the words it taught me choose:

Oh, Thou, to whom my heart was closed, From whom my wayward steps were tur In whom no trust I had reposed, I well deserve all I have earned; Give me but strength, my past but heal, I'll trust henceforth, hear my appeal!''

A mildness o'er its visage played, As I was bowing humbly there, A hand seemed softly on me laid, A sweet voice rose upon the air:

Oh, ye who droop in such dismay
Along life's path, subdued with grief
By trust and prayer ye'll find the way,
Long lost in darkness—unbellef.
Repentance its reward will meet. And turn aright your straying feet.

# Corsairs of History.

II.—CHARLES GIBBS, THE PIRATE. BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

CHARLES GIBBS was, by birth, an American his native place being a small seaport on the

oast of Rhode Island. He was born in the year 1794, and came of most respectable family; but nevertheless he was a wild, wayward boy, bringing upon him-self, through his schooldays, the censure of his teachers and dislike of his companions, anxious

to lead a different life. Expelled from college for some great misemeanor, Charles determined not to return to his parental roof-tree, so went on board the United States sloop-of-war Hornet, and enlisted

He was on board the Hornet in her action with, and capture of, the British sloop-of-war Peacock, off the Pernambuco coast.

In this engagement Charles Gibbs won honable mention for gallant services, and when Captain Lawrence, of the Hornet, was transferred to the Chesapeake, he carried the youth

In the battle that soon after occurred be tween the unfortunate Chesapeake and the Shannon, which resulted in the capture of the former and the death of Captain Lawrence, Charles Gibbs took an active part.

Becoming, by the capture of his vessel, a prisoner-of-war, he remained in Dartmoor prison until exchanged, when he returned to Boston, and abandoning the sea, entered into business, upon a capital advanced by his relatives, who were in hopes he would give up his way-

ward and wandering life. But evil still clung to him, for he opened a grocery store in Ann street, Boston, in a localty where dwelt only abandoned women and lissolute men, all of whom were his best cus tomers, until his place became well-known as a most depraved resort.

By dissipation and evil habits his capital vanished from him, and with but a hundred dollars in his pocket he again went to sea, on a cruise to Buenos Ayres, where he entered upon a Buenos Ayrean privateer, upon which a mutiny soon after occurred, regarding the division of prize money, which resulted in the success of the mutineers, their capture of the vessel, and landing of the officers and crew, who would not join them, upon the coast of

Gibbs was one of the mutineers, and went in Now in hand, will be given ere long.

there the pirate flag, and in a short while cap-turing over twenty vessels, and putting those on board, over four hundred in number, to

Having amassed a large fortune, Gibbs left his piratical friends during the year 1819, and sailed for the United States, where, in the cities of New Orleans and New York, he led a gay life for awhile, after which he went to Boston and sailed for Liverpool, in which city he lived like a gentleman of abundant means.

There he met a woman whom he learned to madly love, and doubtless his career in the fu-ture would have been different from what it was had she exerted a good influence upon

But she was not what he believed her to be, a noble and virtuous woman, and the know-ledge that she was untrue to herself and to him drove him again into scenes of mad dissipation and vice.

In 1826, again almost penniless, he returned to the United States, and went immediately to Buenos Ayres, which was then at war with Brazil, determined, he stated, "to try his for-

tune in defense of the republican government. The governor gave him, upon his arrival, a ieutenant's commission, and he was ordered to join the Twenty-fifth of May, a large ship carrying 34 guns.

Upon this ship Gibbs remained for some time, serving with distinction, and was then placed in command of a privateer schooner. nounting two long twenty-four pounders and having a crew of forty-six men

In this schooner he made two successful cruises, and then purchasing a half in a fast Baltimore schooner, put to sea, and was cap-tured by a Brazilian man-of-war, which carried him to Rio Janeiro, where he remained a prisoner until the end of the war, when, after short visit to Buenos Ayres, he sailed for New

A year of dissipation on shore, and the adenturous Charles Gibbs embarked for Algiers to offer his services to that piratical government, against France, with which country the

Algerians were then at war. Disappointed in reaching Algiers, Gibbs landed at Tunis, and thence sailed to Marseilles and back to Boston; after a few days' stay in Boston, Gibbs took passage for New Orleans. where he shipped as one of the crew of the brig Vineyard, Captain William Thornby, which sailed from New Orleans in November for Philadelphia, having on board, besides a valu-

able freight, \$54,000 in gold. Charles Gibbs, knowing of the money on board, headed a mutiny, killed the captain and mate, and threw one of the seamen overboard.

After his bold murder, Gibbs assumed command of the ship and headed for Long Island, when, arriving in sight of Southampton Light, he divided the money, which belonged to Ste-phen Girard, of Philadelphia, put it in the boats, and scuttled the ship, at the same time setting fire to her.

About daylight they came near the land, when one of the boats struck a bar and sunk, but Gibbs would not go to the assistance of his comrades, although they cried loudly for aid, but stood on and landed on Barren Island, where he buried his money and that of his

ompanions with him, in the sand. That night they stayed at Johnson's cabin, the only house on the island; but that night Jack Brownrigg, one of the crew of the ship, who had not taken part in the murder of his officers, told Johnson all about the mutiny, murder and destruction of the Vineyard, and he at once set off in his boat, and ere daylight returned with a force and captured Gibbs and his followers, when all were taken to New York for trial.

That trial ended in the conviction and sentence of Charles Gibbs to death, by hanging Through the trial and during his sentence the hardened man betrayed no sign of emotion, meeting his doom with a bold face and unway-

He was allowed six weeks' preparation for

death, and "during that time was affable and communicative, and glad to see his friends."

He often spoke of his wife, whom he had married in Buenos Ayres, and his child, whom he dreaded to have hear of his sad fate; but for his wife he did not appear to care so much. for his wife he did not appear to care so much, as the woman whom he had loved so dearly, and been deceived in, had embittered his heart, almost, against all of her sex.

By a strange ruling of circumstance, woman, whom he had loved, had led a life of crime, and Fate so willed it that she was a prisoner at the same time and in the same prison with Charles Gibbs; to her, his only ve, he addressed two letters during his imprisonment, each letter expressing that there yet lingered for her in his heart feelings of

warmest regard.
From one of these letters to the depraved wo-

man we extract the following:

man we extract the following:

"When I saw you in Liverpool, and a peaceful calm wafted across our hearts, and Justice held no claim upon us, little did I think to meet you in the gloomy walls of a strong prison.

"I have had a fair prospect in the world, but at last it budded and brought forth—the ordhows. I am shortly to mount the scaffold, and to bid addeu to this world and all that was ever dear to my heart; but I trust, when my body is mounted upon the gallows high, the heavens above will smile and pity me.

"Your character is lost, it is true, but when the wicked turneth from the wickedness that they have committed, they shall save their souls alive.

"Inagine that you hear the awful lamentations of a soul in hell, and it would be enough to melt your heart, though it were as hard as adamant.

"My name, and yours, ere long will be struck off the records of the living, and enrolled in the vast catalogue of the dead; but may yours neer be numbered with the damned, for may it please God to set you at liberty once more in the world, and that you may see the sins and follies of your past life and repent.

"I still remain.

"Your sincere friend,
CHARLES GIBBS."

In another, written to an early playmate, Gibbs says:

"I would to God I never had been born, or that I had died in my infancy. "My mind recoils with horror at the thought of the unnatural deeds of which I have been guilty."

Ere his execution Captain Gibbs made a full onfession of the crimes of his life, which were dark indeed during his stay among the pirates of the West Indies; and upon Friday, April 22d, 1831, he was executed, meeting his fate with remarkable firmness and courage, giving himself the signal for his execution by dropping a handkerchief upon the scaffold.

A SPLENDID BOYS' STORY! BY OLL COOMES.

SURE-SHOT SETH.

The Boy Rifleman!

# MARINE REMINISTRATION -E-8-34-



NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

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A GLORIOUS STORY FOR BOYS!

Is the Wildwood Romance

# SURE SHOT SETH,

The Boy Rifleman; THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

A Tale of the Minnesota Woods and Waters. BY OLL COOMES.

In which this most captivating of story writers for boys gives free rein to the spirit of adventure and invention and produces a perfectly splendid romance of the Minnesota wilds.

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the author treats to as rare and inspiring a set of characters as ever graced a boys' story

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are added an aside interest even more power ful in its effect on the reader than the main story of the exploits, perils and adventures of the Young Brigade. All in all, it is the

BOY STORY OF THE YEAR!

### Sunshine Papers.

Conversational Pepper and Salt. A Young lady of excellent social standing

and fine education, when reproved in company for using some of the current slang of the day remarked:
"Oh, I like to hear a little slang! It is the

pepper and salt of conversation."

The pepper and salt of conversation! Yes, and very highly seasoned, too, some persons make their conversation. Those people who are equally fond of such condiments, in food and talk, must be delighted to hear the rosy lips of some pretty girl assuring them that she tion is "awfully naughty but nice," or that such-and-such a statement is "too thin," or that they had better "take a walk around the block an elegant way of reminding one that they

have talked long enough. But there may be a few mortals in the world who have a weakness for "the king's English;" if not exactly in accordance with the dogmas of pragmatic Richard Grant White, at least with a morceau more of purity than it is spoken by the generality of young

What tortures the auricular perceptions of such individuals must undergo when their walks in life lead them into the thoroughfares of mixed society! For, perhaps, there is no nation in the world where slang is so abunin really good circles, as in America. Indeed there are many expressions which seem to have become an accepted portion of the con versational repertoire of otherwise intelligent and cultured people.

This is especially true of business men, who find it much more expressive to assert that such-and-such a firm has "gone up," that this plan is "played out," or that scheme "won't hold water," than to say Messrs. Moneyless & Graball have failed, the Civil Service Reform is a failure, and an inflation policy is worth-Then there are the younger bu generation who think a fellow had bette "pony up," when he owes a bill; who prefer plenty of "soap," "spuds," "rocks," "spondulix." or "tin," to money; who consider Mr "awfully fresh" and Mr. C. "very fly, when those respective gentlemen are easily imposed upon or remarkably keen-sighted; who clare certain transactions to have been "regu lar roasts" when they were unusually profitable to only one party; who say, "Ill take none of that in mine," or "That's a grand cram," or What are you giving us now?" when the doubt a person's assertions; who talk of "put ting up a job" when they want to do a little deception; and inform a man that he had better "pull down his vest," "pour the water out of his boots," or "wipe off his chin," when he has talked considerably. While those intellectual young gentlemen who inhabit our colleges and universities flavor their conversations with no end of literary pepper and salt, probably learned from the pages of Virgil, or Cicero, or English literature (?, and clothe their ideas in such elegant phraseology as "Miss Mollie is a 'bang-up' girl—Fred Mar-tyne is 'no chicken'—the performance was 'a regular snide '-let's have no more 'chin-mu--Rapelyea puts on a 'deuced lot of lugs -that story is 'too gauzy'-he can't do that 'for a cent'—Eustace is generally 'on the square,' but last night he went on a 'high old

racket,' and to-day had to 'cut and smash.' All this contortionating of English pure and undefiled may be endured when used by the

Is conversational pepper and salt really spicy in ladylike repartee, or is it simply vulgar?

Is it admirable for Miss Jennie to court criticism by asking, "How's that for high?" or stigmatize an event as a "horrid phizzle," or America advise a friend, "Don't give yourself away," or to silence a talkative companion with "Give us a rest," or to resent interference in such a sentence as "Whose funeral is this?" or to throw doubt on a statement with the avowal, "That won't wash." True, these peculiarly American colloquialisms are not often frowned upon; but should they not be? Is it not a trifle nicer for a lady to omit "you bet" in conver-sation, and say she is exhausted rather than "played out"? And—the suggestion is made with the consciousness that it exposes the writer to the liability of being stigmatized as "too high-toned," or given to "putting on frills"would it not be a deed of charity, in considera tion of some people's preferences, for sisters to ccasionally suggest to their brothers that it is as easy for them to say a man is honest as to say he is "white;" and to say he understood a statement immediately, as to assert that he "tumbled to it;" or to ask a friend if he will not acknowledge himself in the wrong, as to tell him he will have to "take water;" or bid a person have his own way, as to order him to "fire ahead;" or to ask a companion if he un-derstood a remark, as to ask him if he "drop-

But, outside my window, I hear a little girl the way to the church or the opera.

If it really becomes necessary to course long enough, to "cheese it;" and I will profit by the elegant suggestion and immediately subscribe myself

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

### THE CUIDE-BOARD.

NO. VI.

Go fearin' God, but lovin' more!
I've tried to be an honest guide;
You'll find the grave has got a door
And somethin' for you t'other side

I USED to think it must be a fearful thing to die and be laid in the grave, and used to shun the graveyard as though it was filled with some pestilence, for I lived in an old town where the gravestones were ornamented (1) with rude sculpture, supposed to represent grinning skulls and a couple of bones, with such fearful lines under them as to cause a shiver to creep over one while reading the same; and I used to think that death was a dark door and there

was nothing t'other side for you or me.
But, as I wander through the lovely ceme eries, and view the beautiful white crosses entwined with the fragrant flowers, I have changed my ideas concerning mortality and mmortality. Graveyards are places where I have my pleasantest rambles—not because my disposition is morbid, but because I like to think, and here my thoughts are less interrupted. I often wonder concerning the sleepers that lie beneath the sod, and ask the question, why more people do not visit these quiet places and learn that great lesson we should all beed -that death is the lot of all, and in the grave

we are all equal.

A happy reflection it must be to some that the grave has a door, and that there is some-thing for them, t'other side!

Gentleness wins more than severity, and that is the reason the lines at the head tell us we should look upon the great author of us all as more of a forgiving than a revengeful creature. We keep too far away from Him until some forget him altogether, until we are so blind that we think he has forgotten us.

There is so much desire for display-to outshine each other in dress and ornaments— such an intense desire to be a little above the ommon herd, that our thoughts are on this world alone. We don't seem to have the laudable ambition of being better ourselves, or of making others better, and a great many of us appear to imagine the better will come without our making any exertion to obtain it.

We say cruel things to, and of, each othere give advice when we have more need of adrice being given us—we preach to others the sermons we pay no heed to ourselves—we are haughty, petulant and overbearing in our conduct toward those whom we imagine to be our inferiors, but who are, in reality, our superiors, so far as goodness is concerned—we are cross to those who do not do as we wish, and we forget

" How many go forth in the mor That never come home at night, And hearts have broken For harsh words spoken, That sorrow can ne'er set right."

We must correct all this. We mustn't think and say we will "make up" and ask for foriveness the next time we see such a one. Perps that one you may never see again this le of the grave. Far better not to have these ill feelings. Forgiveness we all need but we night so live as to have less to be forgiven. Better to treat the living kindly than to mourn for the wrong we have done, and the good we have left undone, to the dead. We may say, "if we only had our darlings with us again now kindly we would treat them!" Why didn't we do so while we had them, and why are we

not kinder to those that are left us? Try to conquer this evil of thinking too much of number one, and pay more attention to number two. You have tried, eh? Again and again? Well, keep trying! There is no harm trying, and much good may result from it.

We can reclaim more of those who are on the down-grade by kindness than by severity Harshness brutalizes beings. Sons and daugh ters have gone astray through the continual fault-finding of their parents, while a mild reproof and a gentle hand have led them away from the brink of destruction.

Some missionaries mistake their calling; they are more apt to drive souls away from God than gain them for Him. While reproving others, they may be guilty of the same sins they are condemning, without endeavoring to

correct those evils in themselves. But, the world goes on. Every hour the oor of the grave is opened, and one more has one to see what awaits them t'other side. Soon it will be our turn. It is not such a gloomy thought!

I have preached this "wee bit" of a sermon. and now I am going to strive to correct the errors I have pointed out, for I have written this essay as much for myself as for you, dear reader of our good SATURDAY JOURNAL. EVE LAWLESS.

# Foolscap Papers.

### Whitehorn's Poor-house.

ONE of the noblest monuments of our repubalmost every county that makes any pretentions of being anyways charitable and thoughtstern er sex, however unpalatable that particular style of savory talk may be to refined ears; tion which reflects honor upon the age in which but is there any excuse for well brought-up we live, whether we live in the poor-house or

young-ladyism indulging in like expressions; not; and it is always accessible by good, graveled roads, and, if anything, it may be a little too easy of approach. That is one trouble

> It is a house of refuge to which every true American can look in the saddest hour of his moneyless life, and content himself in knowing that when the last cent is gone he can still be cent there.

When we lay our plans to make thousands

damp coat, and it makes him hesitate whether

to go there or starve.

Ah, we would never go there! Sooner would we purchase a quarter's worth of arsenic and try to borrow money than to be wheeled there in a cart. The idea is so preposterous, that we never think of it.

But we feel a certain delicacy in sending to that institution our wife's aunts and other poor relations; we hesitate, as it were, before we undertake such a step. It is a great remove; vet we would rather send some distant mem ber of the family than go there onrselves, and as necessity knows no (mother-in-) law, away she goes, and the very thought troubles us on

If it really becomes necessary to send your randmother to the poor-house you know how you feel about the matter better than I could escribe it to you—you naturally shrink from the idea when you are putting her in the wa-gon, yet recollecting that life is not all roses and ham sandwiches, you pull out your dollar and a half handkerchief and hide your tearful eyes, while you tell the impatient Jehu, who has no sentimental soul about his person whatever, to drive on, so your misery will be speedily out of the way, and well on the broad road which smoothly leads to the poor-house.

In the way poor-houses are now managed it s almost a shame to send your aged maiden aunts there, and you lose so much time in coming to the conclusion to do so, that it begins to be a matter of personal loss, as it

It is the stigma attached to a trip there at which I am trying to strike, whether I am hit-ting the head on the nail or not.

It is a terrible reflection to know that the greater part of our relatives are now there under the way the poor-house is at present managed, and it is with a deep conviction of this disgrace that I propose to re-arrange the poor-house business if I am elected to the office which is now waiting for me.

The poor-house will be conducted upon entirely different principles, for, having had an eye upon that institution ever since I started out in life to do for myself and didn't, I have thought of changing the character of it altogether

I shall build a poor-house in this county which will outvie any rich house in these parts; the expenses to come out of the public moneys, and not at all out of the private moneys.

It is my sole desire to make it a place where you can go without a shade of chagrin. I will make it a place that it will be an honor to retire to, or retire any of your related, but impecunious friends to, and to which you will not be ashamed to go yourself in case of a pinch—which often happens in the best regulated families—where they are regulated in disre gard to the pocket-book.

It shall be a mammoth building, with laby renthine rooms, and elegant appointments, and as there will be no work expected of the occupants there will always be a good run on the

Suits of rooms can be engaged at this poor house by applying to the superintendent, and all that is required will be to show an empty

If you have visitors come to stay with you during the summer, on the second week you can send them to this poor-house for the balance of the time without any heart-aches to Elegant palace street coaches will run to this

institution every few minutes, and you can end all your friends on short notice without any discredit to them or to you. Boots will be blacked every morning and set

Breakfast will be served at any hour you

Everybody shall be considered as guests of

the house, and your visiting friends will be more welcome here, if possible, than they are at your own house. You can always leave your family here when you take a trip out West to see about your own business, and nobody else's; and you can

always get them again on your return, if you present your check for the same Extensive billiard-rooms, and elegant draw ng-rooms will be attached, and all the modern improvements which go to make life hap py and contented; and if you are obliged to come here yourselves, it will be an honor rather than a discredit. In fact, it will be

You shall no longer study days and weeks to conclude whether to send your father-inlaw, or the girls to the poor-house, but you will jump at the conclusion right off as soon as you see fit; and if they should be ashamed of burself, you should be ashamed of themselves. All the delicacies of the season will be there,

xcept the feeling of delicacy of being there. Whole families will be admitted, so you need not hesitate to send all your country cousins who just drop in on you, and just don't know when they will drop out

And when, through the fickleness of fortune or the refusal of friends, your funds get so low that you can't reach them with a rope, you can come to this poor-house yourself, and still preserve the same stock of modesty you always

Young poets, who pass all their nights in writing poetry and all their days in waiting for pay for it, can give up and seek an asylum

Large families who are heirs to some of thos im-im-immense fortunes which are located in England so firmly that they always remain there, can here find a refuge until something turns up—if it is their toes. You can sorrowfully send the old folks to

the poor-house with impunity, and not feel bad about it, and you can then direct your friends to it with the greatest of pleasure. This poor-house will always be waiting for

you, with some chance of eventually getting you; as the horror which has kept you struggling to keep away from it for so long, will b entirely removed. Even to be in the Legisla-ture will lose its charm. You can say with ican land is the poor-house, which is found in | pride; "All my relatives and friends reside in yonder poor-house, and I'll soon register there myself." That is, if I'm elected. Stick to me, then, like a poor-ouse plaster.

Yours poorly. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

# Topics of the Time.

—It is remarkable that at a time when the de preciation of silver is causing universal anxiety, China is simply devoid of coin. Interest has run up to 36 per cent., and money is hardly obtainable at that rate in the Shanghai market. The hoarding of coin is carried on extensively throughout the Celestial Empire.

and he regretfully makes that amount off of us, and leaves us without a dime, the walking is still very good in the direction of the poorhouse.

But there is a certain stigma attached to the idea of going to the poorhouse from which the intelligent American soul shrinks like a damp coat and it makes him hesitate whether.

—An amateur bull-fighter killed two bulls in the presence of 16,000 people, several weeks ago, at Barcelona. He was serenaded at night, and gave his share of the proceeds of the fight to the hospital at Barcelona. Now, it is in order for those who "fight the tiger" to give a tenth of all their earnings to a hospital for broken characters and lost reputations. -An amateur bull-fighter killed two bulls in

-Nevada never held 60,000 pcople. It contains one desert which alone covers 30,000 square miles. None of the mountain Territories will average one acre in twenty fit for cultivation. Nature can't afford too much richness in a given spot. She places her mines, usually, in the most sterile and forbidding regions. Nevada is, in all probability, the richest in lodes of any country in the world.

-For scarf pins and finger rings the cat's eye has become one of the most fashionable stones used. It is a species of the sapphire, and the most desirable color is of a yellow-green tint. It has threads of white abestos within it, and the light is reflected from these in an intense and peculiar manner. When this stone is properly cut, a white band of light is seen floating in its interior, that changes position as the gem is moved before the eye, which peculiarity probably suggested the name by which it is generally known.

—Speaking about Nevada's treasures, we are told that an English writer has been engaged in estimating the amount of gold in bulk in the world. He says that it could, if melted in a lump, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet quare by sixteen deep. A small lump, indeed, o cause so much crime, and sin, and misery t may seem singular that such recklessness It may seem singular that such recklessness should really exist, and yet we think that we could lay our hand on a man who would be perfectly willing to have that lump stowed away in his cellar, and stand his chances with the sin and misery. It is strange how men will consent to sacrifice themselves, but we believe this friend of ours would do it. His address may be procured by writing to us and inclosing a sample of the gold.

—Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion or ability to act in a similar manner, and there ore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep vater, he will rise to the surface and continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so as to give free liberty to breathe, and if he will use his legs, as in he act of walking (or rather walking up stairs) is shoulders will rise above the water, so that e may use less exertion with the hands, or an bly them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who bave not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advanta geous in many cases.

-The sweetest little bear story of this blessed Indian summer comes from Atlanta, Ga. Re-cently a negro, while walking through a mea-dow, suddenly realized that he was very tired, cently a negro, while walking through a meadow, suddenly realized that he was very tired, and straightway determined to take a nap. So he got behind a haystack near a fence—to give an air of reality to the story, it may be stated that the fence belonged to a Mrs. Cousins, who lives not more than seven miles from Dalton—and was soon sound asleep. He not only slept but snored, and snored with such vehemence as to frighten a colored brother who passed that way. The sound was utterly unlike anything that the saunterer had ever heard. He reconnoitered the haystack at a safe distance and saw what he thought was a bear's head, but which was in reality the No. 12 brogans of the sleeper. He ran off for his gun and summoned another negro to the chase. The two sportsmen crammed their guns with bird-shot, and, holding an intrenched position behind two trees, took aim at the bear, shouted, and when the brogans moved slightly, fired nervously but only too accurately. The bear not only growled but swore, and swore with even greater volume than he had snored. The bird-shot in the bear was as thick as caraway seed in a Christmas cookey.

When David Livingstone was a boy, he was morning, and he did not leave until eight o'clock every morning, and he did not leave until eight o'clock in the evening. It might be well supposed that the little factory boy would have been glad to rest during the short time that he was not at work. But a lad with such a spirit of determination as Davie nosessed was not easily to be decision as Davie nosessed was not easily to be decision as Davie nosessed was not easily to be decision as Davie nosessed was not easily to be work. But a lad with such a spirit of determination as Davie possessed was not easily to be deterred from pursuing the course which he had marked out for himself. When he received his first week's pay, he forthwith purchased a Latin grammar with a portion of it, and within a very short time joined an evening school. This school was a very humble one, and it was partially supported by the owners of the cotton mills for the orted by the owners of the cotton mills for th ported by the owners of the cotton mills for the benefit of those employed by them, the dominie who carried it on being thus enabled to give instruction at a low rate to his pupils. Davie now began to learn in real earnest, continuing, night after night, to attend the school until ten o'clock, and then devoting two hours—sometimes more, unless his mother prevented him by taking his books away—to the preparation of the following day's lessons; and so absorbed was he always in his thoughts that the hard work in which he was regularly engaged seemed almost to be lost sight of by him.

—Black enamel is no longer fashionable in rings. Sapphires are much sought for, and the general style of setting is both marquise and onare. The Oriental style is visible in all kinds of jewelry, from the magnificent chatelaine and watch to the simplest ring in Indian colors in watch to the simplest ring in Andam colors in enamel and a great variety of stones intermin-gled. The delicacy of conch-shell jewelry is much enhanced by settings of diamonds and pearls. A superb ornament for the hair is a fea-ther set with 600 diamonds; the center stone, set like the eye of the peacock's feather, is the Duke of Brunswick's straw diamond, weighing thirty carats. The scintillating flash and sparkle of this graceful ornament reminds one of Shelley's "dissolved opal." The price of this is \$15,000. A magnificent necklace of diamonds, called the Centennial, has twenty-seven stones of incomparable size and heauty. The diamonds of incomparable size and beauty. The diamonds massed weigh altogether 200 carats, and the price is \$80,000. A superb pair of solitaire earrings in invisible setting, with ring to correspond, are valued severally \$16,000 and \$8,500. These ornaments have lately returned from the Exhibition.

-Ovster season has come! That's one com — Cyster season has come: Inst's one com-pensation which the "melancholy days—the sad-dest of the year"—bring us. Roast, stew, fry— well, we are reconciled to autumn. Will they ever grow fewer? Or smaller? or become ex-tinct? We have a Frenchman's word for it that tinct? We have a Frenchman's word for it that that calamity is very remote indeed. M. Gerbe has been studying oysters as well as eating them, and tells us that, in examining 435 oysters, he found that 35 were full of spawn, 127 of them had their ovaries gorged with eggs, while 78 were barren for the moment, though appearances seemed to indicate that their reproductive powers would soon come into play again. From the examination of these oysters, and from similar experiments, M. Gerbe has concluded that oysters can reproduce their kind during the first year, and that even this precoclous maturity can happen as often as twice a year. That's enough. happen as often as twice a year. That's enough. A brood of about one thousand per year, that always stay at home and attend to business—which is to grow and be ready for the plate—is likely to keep coming generations in bliss.

### Readers and Contributors.

We must decline: "Hallow Eve Story;" "The Pearl Ear-rings;" "The Demon's Refuge;" "The Day of Dawn;" "A Boy's First Loss;" "The Refu-tee of the Hills;" "Old Dave Crownest;" "A Widow by Proxy."

The following we file for use: "Around the Capital;" "Willow Brook;" "Something of a Butterfly;" "Keeping the Record of the Hours;" "Madge Morris" Method of Making Money;" "A Case of Love at Third Sight."

Di LAE. No use to name price for contributions The publishers alone do that.

EXPRESS. If the MS, came underpaid we presume it has gone to the Dead Letter office. CELIA D. S. We cannot hunt up a manuscript sent in six months ago.

A READER. Cannot supply the papers so far ack. Thanks for your appreciative words. LITTLE VOLCANO. The person named is playing in the stage.—The character is essentially ficti-

Miss O. S. D. Sketch good as to subject, but somewhat crude as a composition. No stamps for re-

CHAS. R. L. M. Have returned sketch. Have too much of that class of matter already in hand. OLLA M. Keep on trying, if you would succeed. We can, however, use no matter that is not both well conceived and well written.

well conceived and well written.

Miss Mange. Copyists are usually paid by the hundred words while working on documents or legal papers, though many work by the week in offices. You must write a very plain round hand and know how to write with orthographical and grammatical correctness. The private copyist, indeed, is, like a proof-reader, expected to indicate obvious errors, that they may be corrected in the original. The copyist of legal and public papers has merely to follow copy but be accorate in spelling, use of capitals and punctuation.

I. B. I. Hunting and transing as a profession.

capitals and punctuation.

J. R. J. Hunting and trapping, as a profession, is prosecuted with success only by those habituated to life in the wilderness. It is almost one constant succession of privations and dangers, and the results are very uncertain. It is followed by men who care but little for the "comforts" of civilized life and who do not go into it to make money. A money-making trapper would be a curiosity. Boys who think they would enjoy the life know nothing about it. Game now is driven so far to the Northwest that the trapping-grounds are very remote. Stick to your farm!

Capt. Jack. Millard Fillmore was born at Sum-

Stick to your farm!

CAPT. JACK. Millard Fillmore was born at Summer Hill, New York, January 7, 1800. In 1829 he was elected to the New York Legislature; in 1832 to Congress. In 1849 elected Vice-President. On July 9, 1850, by the death of Gen. Taylor, he succeeded to the Presidency. He was never elected to the Presidency, and when his term expired he passed from public life. He lived in Buffalo and there died a few years ago.

dency, and when his term expired he passed from public life. He lived in Buffalo and there died a few years ago.

Mary L. The spirit of independence is creditable to you; and young ladies having needs and tastes ungratified, by reason of their limited means, are but acting sensibly to earn the money they desire. A clerkship is honorable and of fair compensation. Sewing does not "pay"—the compensation is too small. The ladies whose aunt assist them are exceptionally fortunate and ought to lay up money. They have the Fates in their favor. Perhaps some such good fortune may yet be yours. At least you can prepare for it by showing your willingness to assist yourself. If the opportunity does not offer try and make the opportunity for yourself. You certainly seem wise enough for that.

BRIDGETON MAN. The story you refer to, of the

self. You certainly seem wise enough for that.

Bridgeton Man. The story you refer to, of the Apple-tree at Pochuck, N. J., that bears both sweet and sour fruit from the same limb, is no novelty, and was not produced, as the item states, by one William Babb, who budded a greening and a sweet together. The idea is simply preposterous. The apple is really the old "As-you-like-it" variety, and is, really, much older than any man living. Its origin is wholly unknown. It is streaked in its quality—the sweetish parts being of a light yellowish hue, while the acid sections are of a green cast, so you can out it sweetor sour, as you like it. Therefore, just knock that William Babb story right in the head.

L. Burling. Boston, saye: "Some tan years out.

fore, just knock that William Babb story right in the head.

L. Burking, Boston, says: "Some ten years ago I was very well acquainted with a young girl, and very fond of her, and our parents were friends. We moved away from each other, to distant States, and all communication between our families and us, died out. A few weeks ago a gentleman and his wife moved near to my residence, and I recognize the lady as my old friend and playmate. Evidently she does not know me; I, too, am married. Under the circumstances would it be out of the way for me to speak with her, and renew our acquaintance, and invite her to come and see my wife?" A better way would be for you to tell your wife all about the lady, and then ask her to call upon her, as the first call is due to the lady who has moved into your neighborhood; but the best plan would be for both you and your wife to make a social evening visit to your old friend, thereby affording an opportunity for all of the parties to meet at once.

Maime Sillman says: "Not long ago I made

ning visit to your one opportunity for all of the parties to meet at once.

Maime Silliman says: "Not long ago 1 made a morning call upon a lady acquaintance, and while there her husband came in and urged me to remove my wraps and stay to dinner. The lady had extended no such invitation, but joined in her husband's, but not very warmly. As it happened, I could not possibly accept the invitation; but I would like to know what I ought to have done had I been in a position to make a choice. Had the busband any right to extend an invitation? As the could not possibly accept the invitation; but it would like to know what I ought to have done had I been in a position to make a choice. Had the husband any right to extend an invitation? As the wife's second to it was not very urgent, though her husband's plea was, should I have accepted? Had she not extended the invitation until after he suggested it, but just as warmly as himself, should I have accepted?" A husband certainly has the "right' to give any invitations he pleases in his own house; and, in most cases, his wife should feel bound to make his wishes hers. But men are, occasionally, thoughtless; and the lady may have been consoious that your stay would be a great inconvenience, on that particular day, though at another time she would welcome you as warmly as himself. Under the circumstances you would have done best to gracefully decline. But had the lady sinvitation been as urgent as her husband's, even though it was only a supplement of his, you need have felt no hesitation about accepting it.

though it was only a supplement of his, you need have felt no hesitation about accepting it.

Addity N. G. The baskets of which you ask are quite easily made, and we take great pleasure in "describing them" for you, and for all other ingenious young readers who desire to ornament their rooms. Out a piece of pasteboard about the size of the top of a goblet. Shape it until it is very slightly oblong, instead of round, and then cut it in half. Use one-half, and all around the edge pierce holes, large enough for a straw to push through, closely together. Cut a second card-board, the same shape but a little larger, and around its edge make a corresponding number of holes, but a trifle further apart; then cut out the inside, only leaving a narrow rim in which are the apertures. Take a bundle of long white straws, such as are used for "fancy drinks," and insert a straw through a hole in the rim of card-board and through the corresponding hole in the smaller solid piece. When every hole is filled with a straw, the top and bottom of each straw projecting just an inch from the card-board, you will have a panier-shaped basket, with a straight back to hang against the wall. Take narrow satin ribbon and run in and out through each straw, and back and forth until a wicker work of ribbon fills in the space from card-board to card-board. Tie at the bottom, in the center, and sllow the ribbons and loops to droop. Wherever the board shows sew or gum on bits of dried moss. After placing the basket in position, under a pioture, or in a corner, fill it with dry grasses, immortelles, bitter-sweet berries, leaves and ferns. It is a very handsome ornament to a room.

"Missie" writes: "If you can tell me of any treatment which will remove tan and sunburn from

bitter-sweet berries, leaves and ferns. It is a very handsome ornament to a room.

"Misste" writes: "If you can tell me of any treatment which will remove tan and sunburn from the hands and face, without injury to the skin, I shall be so thankfullto you." Each night, at retiring, wash your face thoroughly with a Turkish washrag and some excellent quality of scap. Rinse and dry; and, while the pores of the skin are still open, with a corner of the towel rub all over the face rose-water and glycerine mixed, half and half. Make a lather of soap upon the hands, pour into one palm a few drops of the glycerine and rose-water and rub over the hands, and wipe without rinsing. In the morning wash hands and face in warm water and rinse in cold.

Mrs. S. A. H. asks: "Can you help a mother by suggesting some nice exercise-games for little girls to play in doors—during the fall and winter months—when they cannot play out of doors very much?" If possible get two of Goodyear's rubber exercising-tubes, and arrange them, by screw-hooks, to depend from a doorway. (A circular will give you other directions for their usa.) To pull and swing by these develops the muscles of the shoulders and will aid in giving your little girls pretty figures. Make stout bags, six inches square, and fill—not quite solidly—with dried beans; these used as balls are harmless and afford a splendid exercise. The old-fashioned game of battledoor and shuttle-cock is one of the finest exercises grace-hoops and parlor-quoits are all excellent games. And, if you have a convenient place, it would be well to have a horizontal-bar arranged, upon which they can climb and swing. It will develop and render graceful their figures.

\*\*Wuranswered questions on hand will appear next week.\*\*

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

#### WILLOW BROOK,

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

I know where the wild-flowers sweetest grow
Where the trees cool shadows cast,
Where the softest and balmiest breezes blow,
And the sunbeams linger last;
Where over the distant, misty hills
A purple twilight broods,
And the silvery song of the wild-bird trills
Through the eifin-haunted woods!

There the lily's fragrant blossoms fringe
The banks of the shining stream—
That winds through woodlands' leaf-strewn
ways—
With a silver-tinted gleam;
The purple blooms of the stately flag
Bend over the waters bright,
And the butterfly spreads his gaudy wings
To bathe in the amber light.

There through the sunny, summer days
Sweet, winsome echoes ring,
And there the summer's fragrant flowers
Their brightest offerings bring;
The willows nod their graceful heads
And droop to the winding shore
With a tender care for the violets fair
That spangle the grasses o'er.

The autumn sunshine lingers long, The autumn sunshine lingers long,
And weaves a glory there,
And e'en the skies of winter seem
To shine with a radiance fair.
Sweet "Willow Brook!" The years may change,
And the seasons come and go,
But the blue skies bend as softly down
As they did in the long ago.

Yet hearts lie under the daisies fair,
And the trill of the wild-bird's song
Ne er reaches the ears that are deaf in death,
Or wakens their slumber long!
Ah! tender flowers that groweth up
Through summer's dew and rain,
Ye blossom over feet that ne'er
Will walk these paths again!

# Great Adventurers. HENRY HUDSON.

The Explorer of the Hudson.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

No more daring or skillful navigator or more enterprising adventurer adorns the world's history than Henry (Hendrick) Hudson. His adventurous life and melancholy death make up a record of singular interest.

Hudson's first recorded voyages of discovery were in search of a passage to the Indies, by way of the North. In this quest some of the most renowned navigators had been baffled, but private enterprise kept up the search. Because Willoughby and Chancellor and Frobisher and the Danish explorers had failed it was no reason to doubt that there was a north passage; so the merchants of London raised a liberal sum and dispatched a little vessel under Hudson to try and find the open path. In this very small craft he ran direct for Greenland (1607) and coasted along its shores far to the north, but was forced by the ice barrier to run out to sea toward the east and thus came upon Spitzenbergen. Then the icebergs drifted so thickly as to wholly block the way, and not caring to endure a winter in those dread climes he put about for home.

This was followed by a second voyage, the succeeding year, to the same regions, but again he was confronted by the ice barrier in his attempt to reach the open sea which he believed existed around the North Pole. He ran east, however, as far as the island of Nova Zembla where he landed, but could proceed no further and once more turned his face homeward.

This failure to penetrate to the East, by the north of Asia, caused the London merchants to withdraw from the scheme; so Hudson passed over to Holland to solicit aid from the Dutch, vho were then the chief traders with the East Indies, by way of Cape of Good Hope. The enterprising Hollanders gave a willing ear to his propositions, and in the succeeding year (1609) in the little brigantine Crescent he started, under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company—then the most powerful com-mercial organization in the world. The design was to find the coveted north passage. He sailed (April, 1609,) direct for Nova Zembla, but was too early; the ice-field reached far to the west and south of it, unbroken; so he doubled Greenland and running before severe north winds reached Newfoundland in July. Thence he carefully cruised along the coast of what the French then termed "Acadia," until he entered the Penobscot river. Tarrying, for a week, for repairs, he passed on southward, on the sharp look-out for any open water that reached to the west. He landed at Cape Cod of which he thought himself the discoverer and called it New Holland, not knowing that others had been there before him. He ran down as far as the Chesapeake Bay, but from that point returned on his course, resolved to explore each estuary.

Now commenced original discoveries. Delaware Bay was partially examined, and passing along up the lowland line he at length on the evening of Sept. 2d, 1609) sighted the highlands, (Navesink,) where he anchored that night, delighted with the fine prospect before line, and discovered what he called three great rivers-supposed to be the "Kills," the "Narand Rockaway inlet. The latter he sought to enter but was prevented by the sandbar, and at length anchored in the present "Lower Bay," off Staten Island. Here the vessel remained for a week, while, with the small boat, he was examining the adjacent shores. The crew first landed at what is now known as Coney Island-allured by its splen did fishing-the first white men who set foot on New York soil.\* The natives put out in canoes to visit the strange visitors, and, as Hudson treated them with kindness, they soon brought him gifts of corn, vegetables and to bacco, he in return giving them axes, shoes and The axes and shoes they hung around their necks as ornaments and the stockings they slung at their waists for tobacco

Soundings were made of the Narrows, and on the 8th a boat's crew was dispatched to ex-It passed through the 'Killa" entered what is now Newark Bay and examined its western shore, to see if it led On the return, when at Bergen Neck, the Indians fired upon the crew. One sailor, named John Coleman, was shot through the neck and killed and two others were wounded-an act which greatly incensed and grieved Hudson, for the dead sailor had been his companion in his Arctic voyages. It filled his heart with distrust, and thereafter he was always on his guard. It is presumed that the erew really went ashore on Bergen Point and had committed some indignity on the Indians there, which the savages quite naturally resent ed. This was the first white man's blood shed in the beautiful domain so soon to become the seat The next day (Sept. 9th) a boat's crew pulled away to Sandy Hook, with the

yet known as "Coleman's Point" buried poor John Coleman in the first white man's grave those solitudes had known. The burial was made on that distant point that no savage might know the place of sepulture or disturb the remains.

Sept. 11th the little vessel lifted anchor, hoisted sail, and, with a favoring breeze and tide, swept in through the Narrows, when the beautiful land-locked bay, with its islands and extensive shore line was revealed to the navigator's enraptured vision.

The surrounding landscape was of remark able beauty. Magnificent forests came down to the water's edge. The atmosphere was re dolent of the sweet odors of the land The hills rose up grandly near and far. The waters swarmed with fish, and away to the north, as far as the eye could reach, flanked on the west by the stupendous palisades, ran a wondrous fine river, pouring down such a volume of water as might well have inspired hopes of a way to the Indies. Birds in myriads filled the air and the forests with their song, and on the bosom of the crystal deep rode innumerable water-fowl, rising in clouds as some Indian canoe disturbed their repose, or the whitewinged vessel startled them like the apparition of a monster water-bird.

Anchoring well out in the bay, he remained there for a day. Though the Indians came out in considerable numbers—men, women and children—in canoes loaded with vegetables, oysters, fish and furs, to traffic and keep up friendly relations, Hudson permitted none of them on board. The loss of John Coleman made him distrustful and wary. Weak as he was in vessel and crew, the savages might easily overpower and destroy him if the opportunity offered; so he wisely kept them off his decks, and went on his way in quest of that onged-for passway to the China seas. September 12th the Crescent, once more

taking advantage of wind and tide, hoisted sail and headed up the noble river, which he christened *The Goot*, and slowly made his way up it, to be everywhere welcomed with delight by the Indians, who thronged the banks and in anthering crowds followed the vessel, in ances, and, where practicable, by running long the shores. The sublime scenery of the Highlands filled him with awe and wonder. It eemed to him the Promised Land, and he ould not help picturing the near future when t would be the seat of a grand civilization. Wherever he landed it was to be received with the utmost deference and honor. Feasts of wild game were provided; games were improvised; presents freely given; and the navigator at length (Sept. 19th) reached the present site of Albany with a guard of honor composed of a hundred canoes.

At that point he found, to his extreme disappointment, that there was no hope of a pass to the west. The river was sounded above, twenty or more miles further, until it shallow ed to seven feet. Then he knew it was only a river, and headed again for the sea (Sept.

As he approached the head of the big island (Manhattan) he was there met by a considerable body of savages in their canoes, bent on hostility. They approached the vessel in swarms, but were beaten off, when they discharged a shower of arrows and again tried to board the brig. A few musket-shots were then fired and two of the Indians killed. At this they scattered in dismay, but rallying again, attacked the brig as she approached the point now known as Fort Washington. Once more a few musket-shots were ordered by Hudson, and nine of the warriors in "war-paint" were slain. The noise of the muskets (the old Dutch roer) and the terrible effect of the bullets put the whole horde to flight in consternation, and the Crescent anchored in safety off the west

shore, where Hoboken now is.

The cause of this attack was in Hudson's wn conduct. As all vessels visiting the New World deemed it the proper thing to steal a few natives to bear back with them as trophies, so Hudson, when he first anchored off Sandy Hook, had seized two of the finest warriors who id come off to his vessel and had put them in close confinement below decks, to take them back with him to Holland: but when he ran in the harbor and up the river, the captives escaped, and by their influence the savages had 'the war-path" to avenge the gone upon

vrong done their braves Hudson sailed for Holland October 4th: but first landing at Dartmouth, in England, the so excited over the reports he brought, and the evident advantages his discoveries were to give their rivals in Amster dam, that the authorities forbade his departure from English soil; so his mate took the Cres cent over to Amsterdam, along with all his records of the voyage, and the goods he had se

Disappointed as were the Dutch over the failure to find the passage to the East Indies the Company refused to equip him for a second royage to America, as he proposed; but the English, again inspired with his zeal, fitted out a vessel in which he sailed. April 17th, 1610 for the north-west, to continue the exploration sage around or through the North American continent. His barque, the Discov ery, was of eighty tons burden, and his crew numbered only twenty-three men all toldcounting his young son John, who thus far had en with him in all his voyages. June 4th the Discovery reached Greenland. Continuing westward, he entered the strait in latitude 60 that now bears his name. Up this he advance ed, and when it opened out into a vast body of water—an inland fresh-water sea—he believed that at last he had found the coveted highway to the eastern ocean. Over it he sailed in all directions, exploring its recesses in the search for the opening to the west. Failing to find this, his stout heart refused to turn backward. with the prize so nearly won; so resolved to vinter in those remote and inclement regions It was a stern resolve, considering that he was illy prepared with clothing, stores or equip-

nent for the winter stay.

Running the barque down to the southern end of the bay, he built huts on the shore and wintered in them. All experienced severe suffering; the winter was awful in the degree of ts cold and was so far prolonged in the spring that when the vessel was once more released from the ice, and the open water appeared, the erew utterly refused to explore any further but demanded that the Discovery should at once sail for home. In vain the commander reasoned, protested, ordered; they were re solved; so, distributing the remnant of the scant stores among them, with a heavy heart he turned the barque's prow homeward (June 18th) and worked his way carefully through he ice-fields toward the strait. At that point the mutinous crew grew so violent that Hudson uttered threats of putting the leaders This met with a vicious and brutal retaliation. That evening the mutineers entered his cabin, bound him and his son John, placed them and seven of the crew-four of them being invalids—in his pinnace and cast

body of their dead comrade, and on the point incredible hardships and suffering arrived in England September 2d-only seven of the men surviving. Hudson and his comrades, so wickedly deserted, never were heard of more. They must have perished miserably of starvation and exposure—a sad end of a most useful and noble man.

The memory of Hudson is well preserved in the magnificent river and the vast bay that bear his name, and in the history of maritime adventure and discovery no name shines with

#### THREE

# Links in Love's Chain,

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

LINK THE SECOND. "FOR GOD, A THANKSOFFERING."

CHAPTER I.

"HOMEWARD bound at last, boys! Hurrah for Old England! Hurrah! Chany 'll never see me no more. Two years since I last clap-ped eyes on them green hills thar." "Two? Lor'! I haven't been home for half

"Hilloa! here comes the fust-mate, as long in the phiz as usial. Allers seemed clear that chap had somethin' on his mind uncommon sol emnizing. Come aboard us six months ago at Ceylon; got christened "Steady Ned"

very minute. Ned, how long hev you been cruisin'? "A good while, Joe." "Ho! ho! Close as a clam. I'll bet he's got his own story to tell. Men don't wear a

dismal phiz afore they're thirty-five for nothing. Come, mate, give us a yarn."
"Hurrah! Ned's a-goin' to spin a yarn."

"I'd rayther not, boys. Maybe Joe Kearney will.' "No! no! It's your turn, Ned, everybody else has given us a screed. Quiet there 'Steady Ned' is going to tell us his story."

"All right, boys, I'll spin ye a yarn; but it ain't a-goin' to be my yarn—I'll tell ye a true tale about a fellow I once knew in the South

Seas. Attention, all!"
"Heave ahead, my hearty! Did ye ever see such a close one, boys? Not a word will he say about hisself, never would, for as long as we've

sailed together. "Belay there! no growlin', or I'm mute." "All right, Ned, all right; no offense. Now

"Well, boys, once upon a time there was a roung chap growin' up in a seaport village in England. It's no odds about his name, nor the name of the place, 'cause as ye'll soon see he were no credit to either of them.

"This young chap was destined for to fol-low the sea; but till he come to the right age his mother kept him at the school, so that he was about as bookish and as sentimental a youngster as ye might find the world over His father had been lost with the Vigilance

in the Bay of Biscay, and the boy had plenty to keep him out of mischief, between his school ing and his fishing by nights, but for all that he found time to run his head into a noose before he cut his wisdom-teeth.

"He used to go to school with a little girl, an orphan, that lived with her aunt; and them two little fools used to wander through the lanes a-hold of each other's hands, a-starin' inhearts, before they was ten years old. And so this went on till the boy he were a pretty maid the girl she were a pretty maid the girl she were a pretty maid to the doomed ship a-wobblin' about in the group.

"Dare The Devil, he weren't the man for to the group and by the time he to each other's eyes for all the world like sweetof seventeen or thereabouts, just as sweet as a

"The young chap was bound for a three years' cruise on the South Seas, and he wanted badly for her to marry him afore he went, so's he'd hev her along of him; but they didn't make much palaver afore folks about each other cause the girl she were looked after pretty ry a fortin, bein' a terrible handsome cre'tur So, all atween theirselves, they made it up that they'd get married the day afore they started for Liverpool; an' at the last they up an' told the aunt wot they was about.

"An' he believed as deep in her, an' set as much store by her as if she were a' angel from aloft; ye see she were more'n a sweetheart to him, she were as ye might say a proof of all that was good an' holy in the earth; the lovingest, innocentest-well, well, God forgive her For she played him false at last, she did, to

"Him as had always looked for'ard to hev in' this here little craft to sail the seas by his ide, an' to moor in death's port by-an'-by with naught but a hawser atween; when she ran up the black flag of piracy an' scudded out of his

"What did she do, d'ye say? Just this-

She up an' tells him-a couple of days or so afore the weddin', it were—that she'd been makin' a fool of him all along, that she didn't care for him, an' that she were a-goin' for to be married to the rich old squire as had been picked out for her by her aunt.

"He went off with that in his pipe, an' by glory! it spoiled him complete. He felt that when his faith in that girl was wrecked he'd as lief go to the bottom with it as

curses at her and at the God who made her and fairly longed for some mischief to turn up that he might blacken his soul, and so be sure

to meet her some day down below.
"And, by my faith, he had his wish. "They was wrecked off the Cape, and Jack and another chap was picked up by a Malay pirate, and offered their lives if they would

erve aboard of her.
"Jack agreed, but t'other bein' an honest tar, wouldn't, and got pitched back into the sea for

That's how jack come to turn rover on the high seas, and rover he was for ten long,

"Lord! what scenes that man went through! "Sights that would thicken your blood, never daunted him; he only come out the harder. When the pirate captain was killed in a fight they chose Jack in his place, 'cause he was such a flint, and they called him Captain Dare The

"They was a terrible crew, a score of murderers all told, and a demon that hated every livin' thing for their commander; yellow M ays every soul of them except the captain and the cabin-boy. Jim, a misfortunate youngster they had got hold of in one of their raids

Their ship was a regular clipper, trim and taut as a fish, and could out-sail and out-maneuver any craft that sailed them waters, tha wasn't a man-of-war.

"She carried false ports, too, and looked as innocent as a pleasure yacht till the time for action came; and then, boys, she knew how to The barque sailed, and after almost | show her teeth, ay, and use them, too!

"Ye've heard of Dare The Devil, the scourge of the South Seas, and his ship, the Fury? Who hasn't? Ay, indeed! ay, indeed! Poor man! And he blamed a woman for it all!

"They was cruisin' off Mozambique one fine day, when a trader come up from the Cape bound for Madagascar. Dare The Devil, he was always on the look-out for them Malagasse traders, bein' as they was richly laden; so, in a iffey he overhauled her, and at it they went,

hammer and tongs.
"The trader showed plenty of pluck, and fended off the Fury with her two rusty guns like a game one; but, bless you! it were no use, the pirate was bound to have her, and ripped her all to splinters in no time.

"The savages swarmed aboard the crippled hull while she lay at their mercy, and put an end to the last man on deck, and then down they tumbled into the cabins for to plunder

"All on a sudden Dare The Devil come on a curious sight in one of the state-rooms off the

"He see' a young woman standin' up with a baby in her arms, keepin' guard over a man that lay on the floor beside her.

"She didn't make no outcry when she see' him, although Dare The Devil was a horrible sight when fresh from a battle; but she just looked down at the man that lay on the floor, and said, as quiet and gentle as anything:

"' 'Husband, our time has come!'
"You better believe that took Dare The Devil all aback, for he was used to sendin' folks into the next world to the music of their screams; and to see this poor creature calmly waitin' for her death-blow, kind of gave him a surprise, and made him want to stop a bit afore he put an end to her.

"'Who are you?' says he.
"When she heard him speak she turned right

ound, and said as quick as light: "'I'm your country-woman, if I may judge by your tongue. By the honor of an English I ask you to protect us three from death.

"That might have done for most men, but him—ho! ho! ye might as well appeal to the foul flend hisself. "'Ye expect more'n you'll get from the Scourge of the South Seas,' says he, for he was proud of the name in them days; 'we give no quarter to our foes.

"'I never harmed you,' says she, 'and this

baby never harmed you, neither.'
"'Didn't I see your husband on deck, fightin' ag'in' my men!' asks Dare The Devil, seein' by the blood on his face that the man were

"'He's a missionary,' says she; 'he never fights. He were on deck tendin' the wounded, when a splinter struck him, and they carried him down here. And so you've no excuse to kill us,' says she, lookin' hard at Dare The Devil as if she pitied him somehow, 'and surey ye won't lay such a sin on your soul in cold

"It cut him to the quick to have a woman pity him, when he thought all women false, and he made as if he would fly at her; but says

she, sorrowful like, half to herself:
"'Alas! and he were once as innocent as

this here infant!' That hit hard!

"He turned on his heel, and slunk out of her state-room as if she'd struck him, and next thing he'd ordered his men to let them folks

alone, or they'd catch grief.
"But he went at the plunder like a fine fellow, and after riflin' the schooner of every mite worth the carryin', they cut her adrift, and scudded off before a stiffish gale, leavin'

feel remorseful for long; and by the time he had got out of sight of the schooner, and was exalted by the sight of all the plunder spread out in the hold, he began for to wish he hadn't been so soft as to let them folks off, and risk them bein' picked up and tellin' tales on him. So he had two minds about leavin' them, after all, and at last determined to come to anchor sharp by her aunt, wot were bound she'd mar- as close to the Madagascar shoals as he could, and to keel-haul the wreck in the morning

"With this, he called his three officers together, and began to carouse over their victory,

as they always did. 'It was about midnight; the crew were all in their hammocks, exceptin' the watch, drunk as drunk could be; and Dare The Devil and his mates were going it pretty wild in the captain's cabin, when in comes Jim, the captain's boy, draggin' a small black box, which he lays at

Dare The Devil's feet. 'I guess there's treasure in it, it's so heavy, says he, 'and I don't think ye see it afore. found it '—says he, in the captain's ear—'hid up in one of them savages' bunks—I guess he ere so drunk he thought the time for sharing

'So Dare The Devil sent for a hatchet, and stove in the little black box, and emptied it on the table before them all; and what d'ye think

the treasure was? Why, a trunkful of books! "They all yelled out laughin', and sent Jim off with a flea in his ear; but by-and-by Dare

The Devil bethought him to look what the books was: and so he did, and found out the was Bibles and Testaments printed in the Mal gasse lingo; and that the trunk had belonged to the missionary.

'And while he were turnin' over the books he come across a big flat one that didn't seem new like the rest; it had a lot of colored leaves nto it, with writin' on 'em, and pictures and ocks of hair, and such like. It belonged to the missionary's wife, and had her name on the

first page, 'Ann Lebel Arnot.' 'It were one of them al-bi-ums that ladies keeps for to have their friends write poetry and things into; and she had slipped it in among the books for to carry out to Madagas-

Dare The Devil was pretty well primed by this time, and in as ugly a mood as drink and

badness could put him; and he commenced to read out the poor lady's bits of poetry, jeerin' and mockin' at 'em; while his three chief officers helped him to laugh, though they didn't know what they was laughin' at, no more'n the beasts that perish.

'All at once Dare The Devil come to a page with somethin' unexpected onto it. 'It were a bank-note for twenty pounds

which were stuck in the book with wafers; and when he took hold of it, it turned like a little eaf, and showed something mighty queer writ onto the back of it.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 849.)

Sometimes circumstances seem to be against the innocent, but the innocent need never despair. The truth is somewhere in the circumstances, however deeply hidden, and will sure ly come to the light, if carefully and patiently pose of avoiding an apparently unfavorable circumstance. Trust the truth, and it will bring you safely out of the wilderness.

# Brave Barbara:

# FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SWEET INTERCESSOR. BARBARA sat by a window of her parlor in a London hotel, looking down dreamily and ra-ther drearily into the dull, foggy, crowded The spirited head drooped sadly, the proudly-curved lips trembled, and the deep, sweet, serious eyes were bright with tears that grew and grew, ready to fall at a movement of

the long, black lashes.

Yet Barbara had nothing to be sad about: so she said to herself. The news was good. Aunt Margaret had been heard from, and was safe and well. The boat in which she had escaped from the burning steamer had been found by a passing ship bound to Oporto, and all its in-mates taken on board and made comfortable.

The ship had put in to the first Spanish port and left its rescued ones; and thence aunt Margaret had dispatched messages to New York, and these had been forwarded to London, and she had been answered and directed to come as soon as possible to London, where her niece would be found, along with Mr. Rensellaer and her nephew, all awaiting her arrival.

Barbara's father and Herman were even now gone to the train to receive this precious rescued e, who was coming on the cars from Dover. Barbara was overflowing with joy on that ac-

count—yet she did not appear happy.

Herman had been so hateful since he came over — unbearable, impertinent, intolerable. Her eyes flashed through their tears when she thought of it. At first he had been jealous of Arthur Granbury; so jealous, as to treat that hero and gentleman, who had saved her life and been so respectful and so kind and so considerate under all the delicate circumstances in

which they were thrown together—treat Arthur with gruff disrespect. Then, after Mr. Granbury-very low-spirited and dejected at her constant reply to his love-making that she had once loved some one dse, and was not then in a state of mind to accent anybody-had left, to transact in Paris the important business which he had too long neglected, to remain with her until he could place her safely in her father's hands; then, Herman had impatiently demanded that she should keep her promise and marry him right

This, of course, she had resolved never to do, and she told him so—told him that she had acted only from pique in promising him, that she repented of her folly, that she wouldn't marry him if he was the last man in the world.

"You only want my property, anyway," she had said to him. "I will tease aunt Margaret to leave you all of hers, if that will console you," but he had been ugly and disagreeable, refusing to take "no" for an answer.

It was not the thought of Herman's persecutions, however, which caused those diamond tear-drops to glisten on Barbara's long eyelashes. It was not pity for poor Arthur Granbury's bitter disappointment. She was thinking—as she thought, all the time, night and day—of the cold manner in which Delorme had turned from her at the inn in Dunleath.

Ah! if he had but whispered one word of pleading, she knew that her weak heart would have played traitor, and that she would have gladly forgiven him all, even the deception he

had used toward her. No! it was evident that he did not care for her to recall her first mad words of scorn dismissal! He was contented to have affairs between them stand as they were. He had another love already!—had not Lady Alice told

"But I shall never marry Arthur," Barbara thought, as the quivering tears finally fell, staining the delicate silk which rose and fell with her hurried breath. "Delorme may have Lady Alice as soon as he pleases. I understand myself better now—I am not the headstrong child that I was! I will not marry, neither from spite, nor to please the man who loves me, since I do not return the feeling. I have trifled with Herman-shamefully. I will not trifle with Mr. Granbury. He is noble and generous. I will give him a decided negative when he returns from Paris. My life is laid out for me; I am determined how it shall be. I will live always with papa, devote myself to him. until he dies-then, I will join some society for doing good, and will spend my money—"

Her thoughts, which had taken such a flight

Entrez," she called out, in her silver voice, thinking it must be the parlor-maid, for it was not vet time for her friends to return from the

into the future, were recalled by a rap at the

The door opened, and a delicate little figure, clad in mourning, glided into the room.
"Lady Alice Ross!"

"Yes, Miss Rensellaer. I found your address by getting a friend to look at the hotel I was so anxious to see you before went back to America. I was determined

o find you. She stopped, panting a little with the excitement of her own purpose, the faint rose-color breaking out in her pale young face; Barbara, orushing away her own tears, running forward to her and catching her two hands friendlily and

kissing her, and saying: "I am so glad to see you. Sit down. Isn't it nice that I happen to be alone? Yes, I am glad to find you alone. I want

to talk with you. The blush which had come into her visitor's pale face died out; the young girl who received her felt her color changing too; her very heart almost ceased to beat. vithout waiting to be told, that Lady Alice had come to say something about Delorme Was it to inform her of their speedy marriage The two pale young creatures eyed each other intently for a minute; it was as if each was

trying to read the other's heart. Finally Barbara said, as a reminder to her companion, that the time for confidence was

"I expect my friends back here in half an hour

"Miss Rensellaer," began Lady Alice, in a very low voice, "I saw Delorme Dunleath last evening. He is only in town for a day or two his way to the Mediterranean—but he paid me a visit—and we had a long talk toge-

She paused; the American girl's unfathomable eyes were fixed on her face, but she said

nothing, and the visitor went on: "We had a long, friendly, confidential talk. Much reason as I have to be grateful to Delorme, and may yet have, I shall never be so grateful to him for any service he may render me, as I am for speaking the truth to me last evening. It was not a pleasant thing for him

to do-nor for me to hear-at first. But it was the right thing, and oh, I would not, for the whole world, that he should have failed to explain to me how things really were! You re-member I told you that he had said he loved me?"—here the poor child blushed, faltered, and the tears sprung into her appealing blue eyes; "it was all a mistake-an absurd mistake on my part, Miss Rensellaer. He put the case of a lady to me, and I thought he meant me, when he did not at all. He has never felt anything for me but brotherly friendship. He told me all—everything!—how he had never loved a woman but one, and she had cast him off!-how he loved her still, and should never care for any other. Then he said to me that, as the girl he loved was indifferent to him-indeed, probably engaged to another-did I wish him to marry me? I was poor, friendless and in trouble—if I asked it, he would marry me, that he might be a protector to me; but that I must understand that he had nothing warmer than a kind affection to give me. It was very hard for me to bear, at first, after I had be lieved otherwise," continued the pale girl, looking up frankly into the dark eyes fixed on her lips with a strange, startled, eager look; "very, very hard! But I was so glad he told me the truth in time; and I thanked him sincerely, and assured him that I would not marry him now, no matter in what strait I was. 'I have had a lesson,' I said. 'Poor Herbert, I did not want to be forced to marry him, nor do I want you. Delorme, to be forced to marry me: such a union would surely prove an unhappy one. I am not blind,' I said, 'or utterly selfish. You do not quite understand me yet, Delorme!' and then I asked the name of the girl to whom he had once been betrothed, and who had cast him

"Did he tell you?" whispered Barbara.
"Yes, he told me," and Alice's little gloved hand sought hers. "I advised him to seek her out, and try for a reconciliation. 'It is only a misunderstanding,' I said; but my heart failed me, for I remembered how fond of you the centleman seemed who was with you at the inn," and Lady Alice looked sharply into the flushing countenance before her.
"Delorme Dunleath willfully deceived me,"

spoke up Barbara, passionately. "Did he tell you, Lady Alice, that he won my promise to marry him under the assurance that I was his first, only love?—that he allowed me to become engaged to him without betraying to me that he had been married—that his divorced wife was living—that he had a child?"

She spoke impetuously—her breath came "Yes, he told me all—told me what you had

not faith enough in him to wait to hear. May I tell it to you?-do let me!"

"Did he send you here?" "No, indeed! Delorme is too proud for that. He does not dream that I am coming here to-day. I shall tell you—I came here to tell you -and you must not deny me the privilege. Poor, poor Delorme! If you do not pity him, as I do, then you never loved him, Miss Ren-He was the victim of a vile plottrapped, fooled—under the guise of a frolicinto a marriage with a woman he did not even respect—for whom he never felt a particle of love," and Lady Alice, speaking swiftly, warmly, eloquently told the whole shameful story, covering Mrs. Courtenay, and the proud countess, too, with infamy, and making out the

lad, who was the victim of this selfish conspiracy, the martyr he really had been.

"When Delorme sought your father to ask his consent to pay his addresses to you, he told him the whole story. He desired to tell everything to you, also; but your father thought the story, too said and sharpeful a conformation. the story too sad and shameful a one for your innocent ear, and himself asked Delorme to delay repeating it to you until after you were his wife, concluded his eloquent defender. "Delorme did not tell the shadow of a falsehood when he swore to you that you were his first and only love. In all these matters, where he has appeared to disadvantage, he has been the victim of others. Even I had to help disparage him in your eyes," added Lady Alice, again blushing. "And because I had unconsciously done so—and because he is so dear to me that I wish to see him happy—I have come to you, with these explanations, which he is too independent to make, in the hope that you will forgive him. Do, do send for him, and make it all up! It is not too late! But it soon will be! He expects to start on a long journey to-morrow. Miss Rensellaer, you are not engaged to that Mr. Granbury, are you?" No," said Barbara, with a sort of seb in

her voice 'And you do still love dear Delorme, do you not 311

Barbara's eyes were sparkling, her cheeks glowing, dimples growing about her rosy mouth; a sudden splendor shone out of her countenance that amazed and fascinated her

"I believe you do love him," murmured Lady Alice, squeezing her two hands. he could see you now!-you look as happy as an angel

"Do I!" asked Barbara; and then, like an April cloud in the sun, she burst out crying.
"There, there, there, darling!" cried Lady Alice, patting her cheek, when she had sobbed long enough. "Wipe your eyes, now, and write him a little note—just a word." long enough.

'But I shall not know where to send it. And he is going away to-morrow!"-tears

"I will see that he gets it—this afternoon." "Lady Alice, you are the sweetest, most unselfish girl I ever heard of. I did not dream

there were any such treasures

"Write your note, dear, before those friends intrude. Barbara rushed to her writing-desk; it did not take her a moment to pen the single short,

sweet line which she inclosed in an envelope, sealed with a kiss, and gave to her friend. "And now, I must not be all unselfish, when you are such a darling! How are you getting along? Is your father reconciled to you? Are you in any trouble?" asked Barbara, as her

visitor rose to go. "My father has utterly discarded me-disowned me. He swears that he will never own me as his child. I am stopping with an aunt
—who is poor as I am! I shall have to go out

as a governess-in fact, I have already adver-"And will Delorme allow that?" asked Bar bara, excitedly.

"He is not willing-has tried to dissuade me-offered me a share of all his possessions: but I must have my own way about this. I, too, must be independent," and a look came into the flower-like young face, surprising Barbara by showing her the dignity, the self-respect and womanly feeling of this pale little creature, who had seemed so timid and irreso-

Barbara kissed her, impulsively, saying: "This is not our last meeting? I cannot have it so. May I come to your aunt's house

to-morrow? Lady Alice hesitated, but ended by writing ou say to Delorme?" "I ask him to call on me this evening at

ight o'clock.

"You may expect him, then; for I am going to place this note in his hands myself." The two girls embraced, and the visitor de-

That evening Barbara Rensellaer behaved in her own old manner, willful, capricious, but charming. Aunt Margaret had returned, as expected; there had been a most joyful family reunion in that particular private parlor of the great hotel; tears shed by the two ladies, and thrilling stories told of "hair-breadth scapes;" and aunt Margaret had been supplied with a cup of tea and put to rest on the sofa

for an hour or two. Then Barbara had retired to her bedroom to make a ravishing toilet; but first she had whispered to her papa that she wanted to celebrate untie's return by a sumptuous dinner at eight 'clock, served in their own parlor-wouldn't he give the necessary orders, and send out for flowers, and so forth?

The "and so forth" meant an extra supply of wax candles.

When she came back to the parlor dressed in pale pink silk, with a white rose in her bosom and another in her hair-hair indescribably cunning, nestling in a thousand little jetty ings about her low, smooth forehead and dan zling neck-Herman stared at her in a sort of dazed admiration. Then he felt that he would like the world to admire his beautiful cousing He wanted to hasten the dinner, so as to get off to the opera; and was cross when Barbara told him, decidedly, that she should not go out anywhere that evening. Did you get yourself up in that style just

for aunt Margaret?" he asked, suspicious She flashed a dazzling, mocking smile at him

Then she ordered the waiters, imperatively, to bring more candlesticks; with her own hands she arranged the bountiful supply of roses and rare flowers which her lavish father had obtained at her request.

"We are going to have a feast," she cried, with silvery laughter, as she shook aunt Margaret and made her get up and prepare for it.

Then she fluttered about the room like a newly-caged bird, looking at her tiny watch

"You must be hungry," observed Herman, maliciously, seeing her consult it for the twentieth time.

"I am, desperately hungry, cousin Herman. You shall see me eating somebody up before ong."
"Was that a knock at the door, Barba?"

"I think it was, papa."

She ran to the door herself; there she stopped a moment, for her heart gave such a bound

the thought it had burst; she could not get her breath; she was pale as death. But she made the effort and threw the door open. Herman, looking with green eyes, saw Delorme Dunleath step in—saw Barbara fling

herself into his arms, and heard her sob:
"Forgive me! Forgive me! I'm so sorry
—oh, how glad I am!"

And then he understood who the ravishing collet, the feast and the flowers was for, and that it was useless for him longer to think of having matters his own way. After shaking hands with the unwelcome visitor he went away, without his dinner, to the opera, all by himself, while Delorme had his plate at table. Mr. Rensellaer beamed with satisfaction, declaring afterward that he had never enjoyed a dinner so much in his life. He had always been affectionately drawn toward Delorme

and it did not now detract from his good qualities, in the old Knickerbocker's eyes, that he was an earl, with estates to match his title "I know now why Barba has such a will of her own," he chuckled to himself. "She was

Lady Alice's generosity in coming to her to make up her quarrel with Delorme, touched Barbara's heart deeply. In her own happiness, she could not forget her less fortunate friend. They had a long interview, during which the

cut out for a countess.'

erican made a ridiculous proposi "If you want to teach any one," said she, some home with me and teach me. I'm a lreadful ignoramus," and the two girls laughed ver the absurdity of the plan.

However, Barbara was in earnest-that is, in her determination that Lady Alice should go ome with her for a year's visit.

"Your father has no claims on you; and I want you, so much," she teased, and Delorme priously advising her to do so, Lady Alice inally yielded, and consented to the plan "I shall make you as happy as you have made me," Barbara often assured her, "before

the year is over. See if I don't! Barbara wrote a letter to Arthur Granbury while he was yet in Paris, assuring him of her indving sisterly affection for him but that

the was engaged to the Earl of Dunleath. Arthur was sorely, terribly disappointed; yet he was too manly to yield long to despondcy; and it was a comfort to him, through all, to reflect that Miss Rensellaer had at least hosen a gentleman and an earl, since she had

liscarded him. His speculation in Paris turned out finely; e returned home in the spring, more than satsfied with his ventures, and only sad because

Barbara could never be his. He called at her father's house shortly after per arrival home. Barbara was not vet married; but the wedding, he understood, was to ome off in June. Barbara, when she looked at his card and found who it was, immediateong ago formed. She did not go down to the drawing-room immediately-begging to be exused for a few moments-but she se a fair representative. Lady Alice Ross the colden-haired English beauty, over whose lainty charms half the young swells of New York were raving.

Lady Alice came into the room with a divine blush. She could not forget that wild night, when, drenched with rain, and mad with the danger which threatened her, she had first intruded into the presence of Mr. Granbury.

He could not forget it, either. It gave him peculiar interest in her. He had thought her very lovely, through all the passion and terror of that strange night; now, he found her sweet, modest, exquisitely fair, graceful and ladylike; and the appealing blush with which she met him, added a charm which enthralled

Arthur had always been held a man of faultss taste. It does not disparage it that what Barbara plotted for and hoped for came to pass. By the first of June he was so far reconciled to her marriage with another, that he con sented to act as best man, to Lady Alice's first bridesmaid. Of course he and Lady Alice were thrown much into each other's society, at the numerous meetings and consultations

The very night before Barbara became a bride her little friend came to her, and, hiding her fair face on the bride's white shoulder, told

"And now, indeed, I must go. What do her that Arthur had arranged that their wed-

ding should follow in September.

In this case it turned out that "the first love or no love," on which willful Barbara had insisted, was by no means absolutely necessary to a life of bliss-it was very well in her case -but Arthur and Alice contrived to get along beautifully on second love. He grows fonder and fonder of his dainty little wife every day and week they live together; she never offends his severe taste, and every one admires her. They are exquisitely happy

Herman is not yet married; but aunt Margaret has left him all her money, and he plods along toward wealth, sufficiently contented.

THE END.

#### AROUND THE CAPITOL. TOE \* \* \* \*

When sunshine touched the under world
I strayed around the storied pile,
To muse upon the bygone years,
While memory lit up like a smile
The silent, stately, columned throne,
Where once was heard the proud and free,
But from the whispers of to-day
How gladly did I turn to thee.

Or in an idle, pensive mood
I mounted to the airy dome,
And watched the river gliding on
To mingle with its far-off home—
My thoughts were traveling southward, too,
But wandered to another sea
To reach the ocean they had sought,
Away to thee, away to thee.

At times I sought the classic haunt,
Where fairy art had decked the hall—
The poet's dream, the painter's tint
Were hanging from the circling wall;
The sculptor's chisel, too, nad left
Its impress in the gallery,
But brighter far than all these gems
Were litting figures still of thee.

I stood amidst the thousand tomes
Of antique lore and modern tale—
The history of departed years,
That slumbers neath their dusty vail—
In idle fancy then I took
A volume from the countless sea,
And moved its leaves unconsciously,
And yet my thoughts would turn to thee.

Then straying through its marble halls,
Where echoed once a lofty theme,
And airy thought and silver tones
Were beautiful as twilight's dream;
Where fanoied accents long since hushed,
And figures that would ever flee,
Were through ghrough nale memory.

#### The Scarlet Lining. SEA SKETCH. A

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

UNDER full sail, the ship Unicorn, Captain Herndon, was bowling along on the homeward passage from the Sandwich Islands to New

Aboard this vessel was Mary Willard-a beautiful young girl of seventeen, with her lit-

tle brother Thomas—a pretty boy of eleven.
Her father—a widower, with whom she had lived for years at Honolulu, had lately died, leaving her and her little brother to the care of Captain Herndon, a distant cousin, who chanced to be in the port at the time

The captain had conceived the idea of making the girl his wife. He was a rough-looking, middle-aged man, with a red face, small, hard blue eyes, and a large, coarse mouth. He was often intoxicated, and Mary, who had never liked him, was at such times disgusted with him. He seldom found an opportunity to speak to her alone, for whenever she was on deck and saw him coming, she would seek Mrs. Gray—an elderly lady, who had taken passage with her son Henry—a fine-looking young naval lieutenant, going to New York on furlough with his mother, who had long been a resident

of the Sandwich Islands. One day, however, the captain came upon Mary in the main cabin, with no company ex-

cept her little brother.

He at once proceeded to business, bluntly telling her he wanted her to marry him when they reached New York.

Then Mary decidedly informed him that she ould never love him, and could not, therefore, think of him for a husband. He endeavored vainly to change her reso-

At any rate, give me a fatherly kiss!" he cried, and with a quick bound, he threw both arms around her.

He endeavored to press his coarse mouth to her lips, but, with a scream of terror and loath-

ing, she struggled to free herself. Her little brother immediately went on deck and called out; "Help! help! the captain has caught my sister Mary, and won't let her

Lieutenant Grav, standing near the rail with his mother, hearing these words, ran down into the cabin: but the captain had now disappeared in his state-room.

"Consider me your protector aboard this ship against all future insults from that felsaid Gray, when the weeping girl had

related what had happened. "Thank you! thank you!" she said, "but he will be ashamed, I trust, to even make such

an attempt again." From that moment the captain conceived a

bitter dislike toward little Thomas who had so promptly called the lieutenant to Mary's The boy having been left in his is worth investigating. charge, he exercised over him a father's right. He required from him implicit obedience, and would deal him a blow with his hard horny palm upon the ear, for what he termed his One evening, while carrying a pitcher of

water, the boy accidentally dropped and broke At this time there was no person on the quarter-deck but the captain and the helms-

man, the officers being forward and Mary and the passengers below. Herndon caught the lad by the collar, and dragged him to the stern rail

You little rascal," said he, "to punish you, I will have you stay in that boat towing astern, until I tell you to come out! Away you go! Pale and trembling, the boy scrambled down the warp into the boat, which had been left where it was for the completion, on the following morning, of some work which had been

nenced on the rudder. At this time the ship was within ten league of a dreary headland to leeward, projecting out from the Isle of Desolation, off the South American coast near Cape Horn.

The weather was quite cold, and poor little Thomas shivered as he sat in the boat, and yet did not dare to utter a single complaint.

Ten minutes later one of those sudden squalls. common for this latitude, struck the vessel, compelling the skipper to take in sail.

Down on her beam ends the craft was tearing along, humming and cracking from stem to stern with the wild, foam-colored waters showing here and there through the darkness

denly, a faint, feeble cry smote upon the ears

Leaning over the rail, he then discovered that the boat, no sign of which he could now

The cry he had heard was evidently that of little Thomas being left far astern in the dark-

The man quickly called the captain, and told him that the boat was adrift. Herndon then discovered that the strands of the boat-warp had parted.

He turned pale; then shrugged his shoulders "The worst of it is, we can not lower for the lad in such a blow as this!" he cried.

The mates being informed of the occurrence were of the same opinion. Any boat they should attempt to lower would have been dashed to pieces against the ship's side, for the storm was now raging with terrific fury, and the seas were breaking madly over the craft.

The news of what had happened soon reached the occupants of the cabin, and up came Lieu tenant Gray, to be soon followed by Mary. The naval officer had begun to sternly reprimand the captain for putting the lad in the

boat, when the wild, beseeching cries of the girl, calling on the men to save her little brother, fell on the ears of all. The lieutenant endeavored to soothe her, while at the same time, he was careful not to

awaken her hope. In such a storm as was raging, he feared the worst. No person unskilled in the management of a boat, could safely stem that angry

"Oh, sir!" cried the sobbing girl, when he had informed her of the impossibility of lower ing a boat, "do you not think there is hope, after all, of his being saved. Young as he is, he understands boating. He had opportunities at the Sandwich Islands to learn.'

"In that case," answered the young officer, "he may contrive to keep the boat from swamping. More than that I dare not expect. We may never see him again—he may never be

All through that stormy night, the girl only All through that stormy mgut, and stormy left the deck at intervals. Both old Mrs. Gray and her son endeavored to cheer her. The grating of the yards, the shrill whistle and deafening roar of the wind in the rigging, the washing of the seas, the racking of the timbers, fell like blows upon the heart of poor Mary The seamen, muffled in their heavy jackets washing amidships, now and then directed pitying glances at that frail, shrinking form with the lantern's lurid glare streaming over the pale, tearful face.

The captain alone was the only person who

eemed but little moved. He had hated the boy ever since he sum-noned Lieutenant Gray to take his sister's part, and he now experienced but little regret

As the gray dawn at last stole over the wild waters, the storm abated to a moderate breeze The lieutenant was the first to mount the rig ging. His keen eyes swept the sea, but he could see no sign of the boat.

The captain then veered ship to retrace his Hours passed.

At last a dark object was seen ahead. Mary clapped her hands and uttered a cry

But the lieutenant looked grave, and shook his head. The ship drew nearer. The object was then

discovered to be a boat turned bottom upward! When taken aboard, it proved to be the one that had drifted from the ship.

This destroyed all hope. Mary wrung her hands, sobbing and moaning over the fate of

her little brother. Meanwhile a weird, roaring, howling noise had for some minutes been heard in the distance. It came from the headland on Desola tion Island, now about two miles to leeward

This land was covered with thousands of moving objects of a brown and white color, their necks stretched upward, their mouths open, as they uttered their strange cries. These creatures were seals and sea lion

with the desolate aspect of this gloomy lat d—with the roar of the angry seas on those black, pitiless rocks, where the ribs of many a stou ship have been riven—where the skeleton of many an unfortunate "man overboard"—falling from passing vessels—has been left to bleach in the cold winds. All at once the hawk-like eyes of Lieutenant

Gray were turned, with a steady gaze, toward those densely packed creatures ashore.

A red spot—a scarlet patch amongst the animals; apparently on the neck of one of themhad caught his attention.

He procured a spy-glass, but by this time the seal with the scarlet neck had disappeared. 'What is it?" inquired the captain, de risively.
"I don't see it now, but I did see it!" was

He then explained. "Pooh! who ever heard of a seal with a red eck?' said the captain.

What sort of a garment did Thomas have on?" inquired Gray, of Mary. "A cloak with scarlet lining," she replied.
Ah! now I understand! Thank God!—"

"No, no," interrupted the lieutenant. "It is best not to be too hopeful! Still the matter

"I see," said the captain; "you think that red you saw was the boy's cloak, somehow attached to the neck of the seal. But, in my opinion, it was nothing but a little red earth the animal had got on him by rubbing his

neck against a bank." "A boat must be lowered," said Grav. "We will go ashore. "No, sir; no boat shall be lowered," cried the skipper. "It will only be a mere waste of

We have lost time enough already. Why, blast me, what if it should prove to be the boy's cloak? What good would that do? The lad himself is lost. There can be no doubt about that!" On the contrary, I now think there is a

"Nonsense!" said Herndon. Nevertheless the lieutenant was determined to The captain opposed him-declared no boat

doubt," answered Gray.

hould go ashore. Gray insisted, and went to the davits. 'Come here, some of you, my good fellows!'

The captain was enraged. 'I command this ship!" he roared, "and the first man who acts against my orders, I will shoot down!"

He then called for his pistols; but the lieuenant seized him in an iron grasp.

The mates, who were good fellows, sided with him, believing they were justified in do- safety. ng so under the circumstances

The captain was locked up in the cabin, after which a boat was lowered and pulled ashore. As the men landed some of the sea of the night, and great columns of spray lions stood at bay and showed their teeth. But whirling past like sheeted specters, when, sud- a few musket-balls soon dispersed them.

As they moved off, howling toward the sea the crew noticed among them the one with the cloak hanging from it. The garment, which had caught in its teeth, was torn, and a part had blown over its neck, with the red lining turned upward.

The spectators shuddered. Had the boy en seized and torn to pieces by the monster! One thing was now pretty certain. Dead or alive, he was somewhere ashore!

Hither and thither among the rocks the party searched, but they could discover no sign of the lad. All at once, just as they were about moving further inland, they heard a faint cry.

They followed the direction of the noise, and soon arrived at a crevice in a mass of rocks. Peering into it, they then beheld, sure enough, the upturned face of little Thomas, about six feet below them! There was a shout of joy. The lad was soon

lifted from the gully, weak, faint and cold.
"Found at last!" cried Gray, joyfully, and with his kerchief he made a signal to the men aboard ship, who answered it with three rous-As the boy was being taken to the vessel, he

made explanations.

When he found himself adrift in the boat, he seized the tiller and kept the craft head to the sea. Wind and wave drove him straight to the headland. The boat struck a rock under water and was capsized near the beach, but Thomas, with great difficulty, succeeded in

The boat was carried past the headland, out

Shivering with cold, the lad crouched under

the shelter of a rock.

There he remained until a little past midnight, when a number of fierce, howling monsters—large sea-lions—came toward him. He endeavored to frighten them off by shouting and waving his arms.

Suddenly one of the monsters, which, in the dim light, he had not noticed coming from another direction, was close upon him. He rose as the creature made a snap at him, but the teeth of the animal had caught in his cloak, which it tore from him as he sprung off.

He ran on, scaling rocks and bowlders, until, all at once, his feet slipped into a crevice, and he fell into the gully where he had been found. The joy of Mary on seeing her little brother may be imagined. She embraced him again

and again; then, with tears and blushes, she thanked his gallant preserver. The captain was released from confinement. He said he would be revenged upon his mates and his men for their mutinous conduct, as well as upon the lieutenant, when the vessel errived at New York, where he would apply

to the proper authorities Two weeks later, however, while intoxicated, he fell overboard.

A boat was lowered, but he was never seen We have to add that the vessel arrived at New York in due time, and that Mary Willard, not long after, became the wife of Lieutenant Gray. Through the influence of the latter, little Thomas was eventually made a midshipman, and he is now the captain of a war vesse in the United States navy.

# Rifle and Tomahawk:

NED WYLDE, THE BOY SCOUT.

A Romance of the Sioux War. BY "TEXAS JACK." (J. B. OMOHUNDRO.) CHAPTER X.

THE DEED OF HERCULES. WHEN the scout, now known to the reader as Fearless Frank, threw himself into the ravine to protect the retreat of the two soldiers w Indian he did so with a perfect trust he held in the speed of his own steed, should he have to fly, and a confidence in him self that had often saved his life in most des-

A man whose last few years had been nessed upon the Western plains and in the mountains, constantly on the move from place to pla with apparently no real object in view other than a love of adventure, he had won upon the border, as usual, a nickname, which his daring life had well earned.

Hence, when Fearless Frank, or Frank Singleton, as he called himself, rode into General crook's camp, on Goose Creek, and volunteered his services as a guide and scout, his offer was readily accepted, for, from the commander lown, all knew him by reputation as one of the most reckless riders, dead shots, and daring plainsmen in the West Finding him a man of superior education,

General Crook attached him to him as a kind of scouting aide-de-camp, well knowing that ne could be relied upon under all circum-Of his past life the General knew nothing, nor could he find any one who did, and there was something in Frank Singleton's face which

courtly manners, in spite of his buck-skin, and

a determined fellow in the direct danger,

forbade idle questioning Acquainted thoroughly with the country into which they were marching, Fearless Frank had started forth, two days before the opening incidents of this story, to discover the exac whereabouts of the Indian village, for though others had gone on a like errand, no correct

information could be gained. The result of his scouting the reader already s acquainted with—as also that he had recklessly thrown himself into danger to protect

When his rifle flashed like lightning in the faces of the pursuing Sioux, he saw with satisfaction that they quickly drew rein, for horses and riders in advance went down with a rapidity exasperating to the red-skins who fol-Quickly wheeling into a gulch on the side of

the mountain, the warriors held a consultation as to what was to be done, and during their hesitancy the scout beheld with satisfaction the three horsemen he was aiding, disappear in the listance, still urging their horses ha The Sioux also saw their game escaping from

their grasp, and having come to some decision a body of them suddenly dashed from the gorge, as though to circle around in pursuit. But the nature of the ground brought them for some distance under the fire of the deadly rifle, and as shot after shot flashed forth, the little band felt its deadly blows, halted, waver-

ed and retreated back into the gorge for Then another short pause followed. They evidently, from the rapid firing and many shots, believed that a score of men were con-

cealed in the ravine, and it behooved them to Smiling grimly at his success, Fearless Frank placed himself. Well knowing that the Indians were closely

plotting to surprise and circumvent him, his fertile brain at once hit upon a plan.

Taking from his saddle a small rope, he cut

a piece off, and hung it across the edge of the Then lighting a match, he set fire to one end

of the bit of rope, and a light smoke curled slowly upward.

"They will see the smoke, and think it comes from a pipe—the rope will burn five minutes, or more, and in that time I will be far enough away to defy them."

He crouched low and led his horse along the ravine, back toward the gorge out of which he had ridden upon the plain. Nearing the hill-side the ravine became more

shallow, but the stunted trees along its edge concealed him, and he was soon once more in Mounting quickly he rode along up the can-

yon for a short distance, and then furned into a dry water-course that led to the hills above. As he reached the hilltop, the yells coming from the prairie told him that his escape was discovered; but it did not trouble him, for he knew that the Indians would take to the plains to discover his trail, not believing that he would

come into their very midst.

Presently strange sounds broke the stillness and those who caused them were not a hundred feet away.

Quickly the scout drew rein, and then his keen ears detected loud breathing, the tramping of heavy feet, and a smothered oath in English

"Ha! there is a struggle of some kind going on there, and one is a white man—perhaps the one who served the Rose of the Rosebud. So saying the scout sprung to the ground, left his steed to await his coming, and glided

forward with a quick, light tread to the edge of Upon the edge of a lofty cliff he beheld two men fighting with all the desperation of des-

The one was a white man-the other a red-

skin warrior of gigantic frame. The next instant he was on the spot, and with herculean strength he tore the men apart,

Surprised, panting, bleeding, maddened, the warrior turned upon his assailant. But, giant though he was, he had met his match, and more, for the white man held him in a clutch that was like riven steel, and backed him steadily, step by step, toward the fatal

precipice, and now his eyes started almost from vessels of the lungs; his teeth gritted together plied until the blood oozed from his shut lips, and every muscle, every nerve in his body was

But in vain his every effort; in vain the workings of his wiry, painted form; in vain his herculean strength: he was in the hands of his master and nearer and nearer he was forced to

Then he seemed to feel that some desperate act must be done to save him, and releasing his hold upon the white man, he attempted to

Vain the effort! Once freed from his grasp, the scout, with a marvelous effort of strength and quickness, shot him forward with a force that sent him over the dizzy chasm.

One loud, long cry, half of despair, half of deflance, and Long Bow, the huge Sioux chief,

bone-that the spirit of the red brave had gone to the happy hunting-grounds of his people.

# CHAPTER XI.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

HAVING hurled the Sioux chief over the pre cipice, Fearless Frank turned to look after the vhite man, whom, by his arriving just in the nick of time, he had saved from death, for, though a person of great endurance and strength in the giant warrior Old Solitary had found more than a match.

The old trapper was seated upon the ground, lugubriously rubbing his throat, upon which the points of the Indian's fingers were plainly

His eyes were turned upon the scout, and in a drawling kind of tone, usual to him, he said: "I'm not dead yit, pard; but, it's ter yerself I owe it I ain't fodder for coyotes. Great grizzlies, but ter see yer heur is a blessin for sore

"Ef it hadn't 'a' bin yerself, wusted though I was by the skrimmage, I'd 'a' j'ined hands with yer ag'in' that 'tarnal red-skin; but I knowed yer, and, Lord bless yer, when Fearless Frank puts hands on a inemy, it's time for other fellers to take thurn off-put it than, pard," and rising from the ground, Old Solitary ffered his hand to the scout, whom he had met several times before when going to the settlements to sell pelts, or buy ammunition.

"I am glad I was of service to you, trapper: but was not that the Long Bow of the Sioux I sent over the cliff?"

"It war, or I'm a ole liar; but, pard, what ar' yer doin' heur, can I ax?" couting after red skins. I suppose you do not know that the hatchet is unburied and sir?"

the Sioux are on the War path?" "That ar' a fack. I'm a-doin' a leetle scoutin' biz myself, along with a pard who went over the cliff a while ago," and Old Solitary went on to relate the history of his giving up gold-hunting for the war path, and the adventures that had befallen himself and Montana Mike.

"And you say he caught on the cliff as he

went down? "Yas, he did, an' so did the Ingin! Lord but it makes me laff when I think o' that red skin a-comin' up an'a-tacklin' me. I was scared a'most to death, you bet; but I let in on him, with all ther grit I hed, an' yer bet thur tus sle was long an' interestin'. It w'u'd hev bin more interestiner ter ther red-skin then ter me, ef yer hadn't comed along an' jined in ther

'Then your partner may not yet be dead. I will run down your lasso and have a look, while you shake yourself together again, for you had a hard struggle."

So saying, the scout threw the trapper's blanket over the edge of the cliff, to keep the lasso from wearing, and the next moment swung himself over the brink.

quickly refilled his rifle with cartridges, and tinued on down until he again found a resting-place. It was there the Long Bow had caught, tainly unpleasant quarters in which he had

the lasso let down by Old Solitary.

The scout saw that the wall was not so steep, and that he could climb down without the aid watching the ravine, and at the same time of the lasso, which only extended a few feet

Cautiously he picked his way from projection to projection, and soon after reached the bot-

tom of the gorge. glance upward showed him the face of Old Solitary peering down into the gloom.

Then he set to work in search of Montana Mike, fearing that he would come upon his dead body.

His eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, for the moonlight did not reach down in the gorge, he beheld a dark object lying prone upon the ground against the base of the cliff. It was the Sioux warrior who had joined hi brother warrior in the attack upon the pale

Further out lay another dark form, crushed out of all human shape—the Long Bow, who had met the fate he intended for the Rose of the Rosebud, Montana Mike and Old Solitary But he whom he sought was nowhere visible Thinking that the fall might not have killed him, he looked into every ravine near, and called the name of Montana Mike softly, for might be wounded and crawled to a place of concealment.

But no answer came, and Fearless Frank looked up to tell his comrade that his search

But the face of the trapper had been withdrawn from the brink of the precipice, and that moment a suppressed cry came to the ears of the scout.

From whence it came he could not tell; but believing it to be from the lips of Montana Mike, he again began a search, which, in the end, proved useless as had the other.

With reluctance he ascended the cliffside,

reached the lasso, and in a few moments after stepped upon the summit.

There a startling scene met his gaze. Back, just under the shadow of the trees stood a dozen Sioux braves, and at their feet lay a dark form—that of Old Solitary.

Never caught off his guard, the scout had slung his rifle to his back when he went down into the gorge, and with the rapidity of thought he brought it round, and, like incessfor the white man was down, the red-man's iron grasp upon his throat. A moment more and the Sioux would have been the victor. ment in action.

### CHAPTER XII.

AGAIN ON THE TRAIL.

"WELL, Singleton, I am certainly glad to see you back unharmed, and, if I mistake not, Once before the Indian had gone over that precipice, and now his eyes started almost from lives to you. Help yourself," and General their sockets, his breath came and went with a fierceness that threatened to rupture the blood- scout, who helped himself moderately, and re-

"If they are the three I saw leave the mountains and start across the prairie as though Satan had sent for them, I may say, without vanity, that I saved their scalps.

Yes, they told me of a single horseman who rushed in between them and their pur suers, and I at once thought it must be you; but tell me, what have you discovered, Singleton, and how did you get out of the trap in which the Crow and soldiers left you?"

"To begin at the beginning, general, I will say that I scouted around until I discovered the whereabouts of the Sioux, whom I found encamped in two villages, the main one in the mountains above the Rosebud, and a smaller camp in a neck of timber on the river, and near the prairie.'

"Then there are more of them than I bewent downward like a flash of lightning.

There was no clutching then at the rocky wall; the arms waved wildly in empty space, and Black Moon are in command, and that and the next moment a crashing thud told that they have fully three thousand warriors at he was but a crumpled mass of flesh, blood and their back."

And more, too; they have enough to keep busy both your command and that of General Terry, and they intend to make a bold stand, not this the opinion of Baptiste and

'It is; but we have force enough to defeat them, especially if General Terry and myself "Baptiste and Gruard are now off on a

cout—they left last night."
"And I will start again in the morning. good night's rest will make a new man of me,' and the scout went on to tell how he had es caped from the ravine to the mountains, and

of his coming upon Old Solitary in his desperate struggle with Long Bow. Of his own part in that affair he said no more than was necessary to explain, and then went on to relate how he descended into the orge, and returned to the top of the cliff to

find the trapper a prisoner or a dead man-which, he did not know, for a score of Sioux "In Heaven's name! how did you escape emmed in as you were?" asked the general who, with his officers, were deeply interested. "I opened pretty lively with my thirty-four hooter, charged through them, whistled to my

norse, that I had left not far away, and while they were considering who had lost a scalp. dashed down the hillside, and once on the prai ie, pursuit was useless. But I gave Bay Prince a hard ride of it

I will take Whirlwind to-morrow, for I have a plan on hand to get a spy in the enemy's camp,

Ha! some renegade white man? "I cannot now say who, general; but I start for the Indian camp in the morning, and hope oon to bring you reliable news. Any orders,

'None, except to order you not to be reck-

"I am not, sir, and when I rely upon my rifle and Whirlwind, I generally can see my

way out of a scrape." "God grant it always be so. You are a matchless fellow on these plains, Singleton; I

do not wish to lose you." Thank you, general. Good-night!" And the scout left the tent without in any way having referred to his finding the buried woman in the cottonwoods, and his having met with the Rose of the Rosebud and left in her

care the poor wounded girl. Throwing himself upon his blanket, he was soon fast asleep; but with the morning sun he awoke, partook of a substantial breakfast, filled his haversack and ammunition - pouch nounted his matchless steed, Whirlwind, and disappeared in the direction of the Rosebud river, bound upon another mission of desperate

(To be continued—commenced in No. 348.)

When three good little boys get together of inself over the brink.

Resting a moment upon the obstruction to be either a fight, a window broken, or some which Montana Mike had clung, he then con- stray dog will have a pan tied to his tail.

#### AT THE STASIDE.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

'Twas only an ugly, cross-eyed clam, With her three dear children 'round her; And soft and low she was heard to speak, As the tears ran down her wrinkled cheek, And she winked at that flat, the flounder

You must stay by my side, she sadly cried, In a voice that was damp with emotion. The droning turtle has taken flight, The fierce quahaug is abroad to-night, And a fog broods over the ocean.

But, alas! for those foolish little clams,
They listened not to their mother,
And one was lost in the ocean fog,
And one got bit by the flere quahaug.
While the turtle devoured t other.

# Goldenrod.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS

"Twas in the month of leafy June, And books and birds were all in tune," and the season promised to be so sultry that already the tide of feminine flounces and flutter was setting from the city to the seashore, and the hotels at Long Branch were nearly filled.

That was some years back when Long Branch and Cape May were seeing their happiest days—when they were suiet, almost homelike places.

when they were guiet, almost homelike places, where the best families of New York and Philadelphia delighted to have their houses and their horses for the summer, and enjoy themselves in their own way, and when the society at the hotels was select and delightful.

There is one good point in an early exodus to be watering-places—one may get good, wide, ool rooms, and not be packed up in little seveny-nine boxes under sunshiny roofs. Which is a hartyrdom the later pleasure seekers—Heaven ave the mark I—endure uncomplainingly. Robert Tremaine knew this when he brought

Kopert Tremaine knew this when he brought his wife and sister-in-law down to occupy choice rooms at the Mansion House.

What Hugh Macgregor knew when he came down a few days later, I can't say; but I think he realized the fact that Helen Leslie was with Robert and Fanny Tremaine; consequently he

wanted to be there too.

They moved in the same "set" at Philadelphia, and Macgregor had been quite attentive to Helen, the past winter. And, as there was no understanding between them, there was a good deal to be hoped for from the romantic surroundings of a segild summer. undings of a seaside summer.

One bright afternoon, as Hugh sat in a shady orner on the wide veranda, Helen came down

As she passed him, he rose to join her.

"Miss Helen, may I join your ramble?"
She turned to him with a smile.

"Yes, if you like."

"Shall we go to the beach?"

"No. I'm going to the fields, in lieu of go

"Shall we go to the beach?"

"No, I'm going to the fields, in lieu of garden or greenhouse, for some flowers for my hair."

"Then let us go through the pine woods!"
They turned into a narrow path, where the fresh wind, laden with the salt odor of the sea, and the spicy aroma of the pines, was exceeding sweet.

They wandered some distance, but found nothing to place Helevi's tark.

They wandered some distance, but found nothing to please Helen's taste.

"Why won't this do?" said Hugh, plucking a feathery spray of goldenrod which reared its yellow head in the path.

"That! why, it is only a weed!"

"Nevertheless it is beautiful, and will contrast finely with your black hair. There! the effect is fine, Miss Helen!" he cried, holding the golden spray against the drooping, jetty braids of her hair.

hair.

"Then I will wear it," said Helen. And as he gathered a handful of the richest sprays for her, she added: "I shall always think of you hereafter whenever I see a bunch of goldenrod."

"Will you? I am glad of anything which brings you a thought of me, Helen," he said, or availy

gravely.

And her cheeks flushed, for it was the first time Hugh Macgregor had ever called her "Helen," and it thrilled her heart with a new, When she came down to the parlor that night,

he was waiting for her at the door. She wore a dress of thin, soft material, a rich purple in hue, the feathery clusters of goldenrod drooping in er hair and on her bosom

Macgregor's face lit as he met her.

"Purple and gold! Are you a queen, Miss Helen?" he asked; and before she could answer, he whispered, as he drew her hand through his arm: "I know you are, though, for your kingdom is here!" touching his own breast.

Then as if moved he a sydden innules he

Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he lrew her away from the lighted, crowded par-ors, and led her to a distant end of the moonlit

"Helen, I must speak!" he said, clasping her ight hand close in his own; "and I think you know already! Don't you know that I love rou!" Helen was neither a coquette nor a prude. She

was a true, earnest girl, too proud and too hon-orable to trifle. She simply answered:

"Sometimes I have thought you did."

"And did it offend you?" he asked, eagerly.

"No!" was her low answer.
"Did it make you happy?" still more eagerly, in a tone of intense passion and feeling. think so," she said, gently, turned swiftly, and caught her to his

Then you care a little for me?" he cried. And then followed a torrent of burning wand fond caresses, and when they returned t parlor, Helen Leslie was the promised bride of

gh Macgregor.
Fanny Tremaine noticed the brilliant light in Helen's eye, and a certain air of proprietorship half-visible in Hugh, and came to her own con-There was one other noticed it.

Nellie Trevor, a gay, flirting girl, who possessed more sense and goodness than she got credit for. Hugh Macgregor had seemed to fancy her, and paid her a good deal of attention. But Helen was not jealous, even when she saw him, this very night, walk a whole half-hour in the hall, n earnest conversation with Nellie.

If she had only heard their talk, how much misery would have been spared her!

Nellie Trevor guessed what had happened, and it was a natural logging for sympathy which sent her to Helen's room after they had all re-

May I come in?" she said, seeing Helen was already in bed. "I won't disturb you, but I'm going away to-morrow, and I want to say good-

"Why do you go so son?" asked Helen, as Nellie seated herself on the edge of the bed. "I've a notion to tell you, though I would not trust any one else," said Nellie, with an odd quiver in her gay voice.

I won't betray you, if you trust me," said Hele Helen.
And so, with averted face, Nellie told Helen how she had been a long time betrothed to a gentleman whom her guardian did not like, and therefore refused his consent. But she was now going to Washington, to her married sister. In three months she would be of age, and then they ware to be married.

re to be married.
We have to keep it a secret," she said, "for ff my guardian guessed our plan, he would never let me go to Emma's, and I could never see— Helen, do you guess who he is?"

"No; you have such a troop of lovers. Tell me," said Helen, laughing.
"I'll show him to you." Nellie drew a card from her pocket, and still keeping her face avert-ed, thrust it half behind her into Helen's hand. The gas was lowered, but there was light enough to see by, and Helen's heart gave a sud-den, heavy, terrible throb as she glanced at the card. She would not credit her eyes until they fell on the name scribbled under the picture,

Yours only and ever, Macgregor." Her heart stood still, but she would not falter or fail. She spoke bravely and calmly:
"Dear Nellie, I hope you will be happy, and
that he will prove worthy of your love. But it

is very late, and I am tired. Say good-by and leave me now, please!"
She gave back Nellie's good-by kiss, and once alone, she locked her door, to fight her battle

with herself.

By morning she was resolved. Hugh Macgregor should not glory in the knowledge of her love for him. He should believe that she had mistaken herself, and then whether he was true or trifling with Nellie, he would lose his triumph

over her.

When she entered the small parlor in the morning, Hugh was there alone. As she entered he rose with a bright face, and an eager, glad motion. She stopped him with a gesture.

"Mr. Macgregor, I owe you an apology," she said. "Last night, judging my own heart too hastily, I gave you some promises. I was wrong; I ask your pardon, but I also ask you to give them besk to me this morning."

them back to me this morning

He looked at her in keen surprise.

"I do not understand," he said.

"Then I must be plainer. I find, Mr. Macgregor, that I did not understand myself when I promised to be your wife. Will you release

me?"

"If you ask it, I must," he said, slowly, pale as death. Then added, almost fiercely, drawing a step nearer: "Is it possible that you are a tri-fler, Helen's anger rose. She looked him proudly in the face as he dared use that word to her!

"It makes no difference what I am, since I am not yours. You are quite free. Am I free from you also?"

not yours. Y from you also? He bowed low. "Entirely free!" And as Helen turned away, she heard him say, "And may God forgive you for this!" But she walked

on, never turning.

Outside the room she paused. He looked so white, so stern, so suffering! And her heart yearned so toward him! Could this be acting? Was there some mistake? No; it was too clear. The least she could think was, that he had

proved false to Nellie, and really loved her. But could she take him on such terms? Never! She went to her room, and kept it all day, pleading, with truth, a bad headache.

Just before night came Fanny, and said ab-

ruptly:
"Helen, Mr. Macgregor has gone away. Did you know he was going?"
"No," said Helen. "No," said Helen.
Fanny gave her a keen look. "What does
this mean, Helen? Last night, I am sure, there
was something between you. To-day you are
down with the headache, and he has rushed off
to Washington like a madman, Robert says."
"Ah, to Washinhton! To Nellie!" was Helen's
thought. But, she said, "It means—nothing!
There is nothing between us. Never will be."
"Didn't he och you to no was him?" recrited

'Didn't he ask you to marry him?" persisted Fanny.

"Yes."
"Well?"
"Well—I refused him."
"Helen Leslie! Have you lost your senses?"
"No; Ishave found them."
"What did you do that for, then?"
"What did you do that for, then?"

"I did not want to marry him—that's all.

Now, Fan, listen! Say what you please to
Robert, but do neither of you ever speak to me
of this again! Now, remember, and let me

alone P Fanny knew how determined Helen could be when she chose, and held her peace, not satisfied, but resolved to wait and discover the mischief, then set it right, if she could.

After they went back to Philadelphia, Helen waited for news of the wedding. It did not come. Instead, early in October, came news of Nellie's death.

come. Instead, early in October, came news of Nellie's death.

It was a shock to Helen, but it did not alter ner relations to Hugh. He had been false; she could never more respect him, and if she could not help loving him, she would not yield to it. not help loving him, she would not yield to it.
June came again, and they went down to
Long Branch. Helen would have preferred
some other place, but Fanny would go nowhere
else. They took quarters at the Ocean Hotel,
and, to Helen's utter dismay, met Hugh Macgregor the first day.

Fanny was glad, for she hoped that now
something would bring him and Helen together.
But though he at once resumed his old intimacy
with Robert Tremaine, he only showed Helen, as
she did him a cool politeness.

with Robert Tremaine, as only showed thetal, as she did him, a cool politeness.

One afternoon, while they were sitting on a shady veranda, Helen and Fanny busy with some trifle of work, Macgregor came up with an open letter in his hand, which he gave to Robert

"From my cousin Tom; the first I've had since he went to California," he said. "I thought you might like to see it."
"Very glad," said Robert. "And, by the way, Hugh, what ever took Tom Macgregor off so suddenly?"
"He couldn't cot are Notice." so suddenly?"
"He couldn't get over Nellie Trevor's death.
I think it was that," said Hugh, calmly.
"Nellie Trevor! What was she to him?"

asked Fanny, while Helen looked up, utterly astonished.
"If she had lived a few weeks longer, she would have been his wife," said Hugh. And Helen let her work drop into her lap, and sat

Why, I never guessed that," said Fanny.

"They kept it secret, because Nellie's guardian objected on account of Tom's lack of riches. They used to correspond through me. I was with them in Washington when she died. It was a fearful blow to poor Tom."

The news was a blow to poor Helen. She saw. her error now. Tom Macgregor was like en-ough to his cousin Hugh to be his twin brother no wonder she had mistaken the picture. And in her haste she had not paused to remember that there were two Macgregors in the world.

She rose abruptly, and left the group, but
Hugh and Fanny had both noticed the strange

expression of her face.

As soon as Fanny found a chance, she questioned Helen closely. But Helen gave her no satisfaction beyond admitting that she had supposed Nellie was engaged to Hugh Macgregor instead of Tom.

Mrs. Fanny deemed even that much a ground

instead of Tom.

Mrs. Fanny deemed even that much a ground for her interference, so the very next morning she cast her little leaven into the lump, by managing to have a short, private talk with Hugh. And as a result of this, when Helen went to her room to dress for the evening, she found on her table a tiny basket, full of feathery clusters of rich goldenrod. Beside the basket lay a card. One side bore Hugh Macgregor's name; on the other was written:

was written:
"Miss Helen, I begin to think we deeply misunderstood each other in the past. If there may
be peace between us, will you wear these tonight for the sake of H. M." Three was a struggle between love and pride-for Helen was very proud, and it was hard to own herself in the wrong.

own herself in the wrong.

Finally she compromised, and made her confession yet the sweeter, for she put the flowers, not in her hair, but amid the folds of lace which covered her bosom.

She repented when she saw Hugh Macgregor's look of bitter disappointment as he glanced at her heir. But he would come nearer and see

her hair. But he would come nearer and see He did not come. She went to her room with out once having spoken to him.
She sat down beside her window, for a moment's thought, when, suddenly upon the summer air, rose the cry of "Fire! fire! fire!" Always terrible, at a watering place where the hotels are the frailest wooden structures, and densely filled with human beings, the alarm of

fire strikes terror to every heart.

The verandas of the Ocean House were soon filled with an anxious crowd, to whom the fire

was plainly visible.

As Helen and Fanny stood upon the steps together, Hugh Macgregor pushed his way through, almost jostling them in his haste.

"Ladies! Mrs. Tremaine! I beg pardon," he said, "but I am in haste to get over there." pointing to the burning building

"But the danger" cried Fanny.
"There will be lives lost without help, and mine isn't worth much to me to-night," said Hugh, gravely, and then with a bow he hurrled After a while the fire died away, and people began to go back to their rooms

"Come, Helen," said Fanny, "let us go." You go; I'm not going just yet," replied

Helen,
"But what are you waiting for?"
"I'm waiting for Mr. Macgregor," said Helen,

quietly.

"Oh!" observed Mrs. Fanny, demurely. And without a word more she walked away, and left Helen to wait for Hugh.

Very soon, heated, tired, and smoke-blackened, he came, springing up the steps. Seeing Helen, he stopped abruptly.

"Miss Leslie! Here yet?" he asked in survive.

prise.

"Yes; I waited for you," said Helen, simply.

"For me?" There was new life in his voice.

"I wanted to know that you were safe."

"You did? You cared then? But you would

Helen turned, so that the moonlight fell upon he flowers in her bosom. "I did wear them," the flowers in her bosom.

she said.
"And I was so blind, I only looked at your hair; fool that I was! Helen, darling, is there peace between us?" he cried, eagerly.
"Yes, if I may atone for the wrong I did," she

said, gently.
"It is forgiven and forgotten, if you only care

for me," he said, fervently.
"I have always cared for you, Hugh," she whispered.

He stooped and drew her to his breast, bent his tall head, and pressed his lips to the cluster of flowers on her breast, and then to her sweet

mouth. "My love! my darling! are you mine at

"My love! my darling! are you mile at last?" he whispered, "Yours forever, Hugh," she answered. And as he clasped her closer to his heart, they knew that at last there was peace and rest for

SALTING A BEAR.—Bear-hunting is not always the pleasantest kind of amusement. So thinks Mr. Hamilton, of Missouri. This gentleman shouldered his rifle one morning, and went into shouldered his rifle one morning, and went into the timber, about a mile off, to shoot squirrels. At night he had not returned, nor did he make his appearance during the following night. As squirrels are not apt to devour a man, several neighbors, the next morning, went in search of him. About three o'clock in the afternoon they found him up a tree, thirty feet from the ground, and unable to extricate himself. He said that about three o'clock the previous day he came across a large black bear, and shot at him, but missed him, when the bear made for him came across a large black bear, and shot at him, but missed him, when the bear made for him with all his might. He ran, and finding the bear gain upon him, he threw away his rifle and climbed up a sycamore-tree, with the bear following right at his heels. The top of this tree had been broken off, and was hollow, in which hole he thrust one of his legs to keep himself from falling; but he soon found that his leg was fast when he tried to extricate himself, and he could not draw it out. The bear in the mean-

could not draw it out. The bear in the mean-time had torn the boot off on the outside, and was gnawing and eating the flesh from the foot and ankle. Mr. Hamilton took his pocket-knife out and cut at his eyes, but with one sweep of his paw the bear struck the knife from his hand, with a part of two of his flugers. He could now see no help, and gave up to die, expecting to be eaten up alive by the beast. That morning he had put some salt in his pocket to salt some cattle he had running in the timber, which, providentially, he had not found. Of this he took a small handful and sprinkled in the bear's eyes. It had the desired effect. He shook his head, It had the desired effect. He shook his head, growled, and went down. He soon, however, returned, when a little more salt drove him away the second time, when to Mr. Hamilton's inexpressible delight, he now saw him trotting off into the forest. And now Mr. Hamilton advises all hunters in bear countries to carry a pocketful of salt with them, or else to be sure they are "dead shots," before they practice target-shooting on a black bear.

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#### SOL POSEY ON APPEARANCES.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

Appeariences does oft deceive,
The which is very plain,
You can't bet on your best belief,
Though it's as sure as rain.
Now over yander see that chap
Beside that hoss-rack there,
In front of that there whisky-shopYou'd think he wasn't square.

You'd think he wasn't square

Now that there individual's
Appearience on first sight
You think in largest letters tells
He isn't far from tight.
And a synopsis view of those
Decayed old clothes he wears
Must somehow lead you to suppo
That he's been down for years.

Take his appearience fur a sign The way his figger runs You think that he's no number 9

Among the number 1's.

For you may judge he don't belong

Nor think that you were judging wrong

By the spirit of the tex.

And by his leaving work alone
I'm pretty much afraid
You think he is a wagabone
And dearly loves his trade.
And then to see that mouth of his
You think he couldn't speak
The hieroglyphic landwitches
Of Latin and of Greek.

You think he don't amount, in short

To anything at all,
And that he might be of the sort
Whose gumption panned out small.
Appeariences deceive us, Cap,
Sometimes a mighty sight—
But if you think these of that chap,
Jing, you are thinking right!

# Adrift on the Prairie;

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM,"
"HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.

III.—UNCLE LIGE BALANCES ACCOUNTS WITH JIM.

My friends had pushed out some forty rods from shore before they cast their hooks for fish. They did not anchor, for the water was perfectly still. It was the calm before the storm. They had good luck in fishing, and be-fore the hour was fully up, had caught a sufficient number for our present wants. They were preparing to return to camp when the first gust of wind from the north struck them. Bob and George sprung to the oars, while Jim took his position at the helm. They plied the oars with all their strength, and under each stroke the craft made a feeble effort to leap out of the water. The wind was increasing, and blowing dead against them. The rude boat tossed and rocked upon the waves, until its occupants could scarcely keep their seats. Their lantern was tipped over, and rolling into the water in the bottom of the boat was extinguished and rendered useless. A terrible fate stared them in the face. They could see my light, but had become so bewildered that they could not tell what side of the lake it was on.

With all their power the men at the oars bent to their work, but to their disappointment and fear they seemed to be receding from the shore instead of gaining upon it.

'Jim," Bob finally said, in a husky voice, "we're not gaining an inch. This gale is carrying us to certain destruction." And our boat is fast filling with water,'

said George, breathing hard.
"I wish now we'd all staid and helped to guard our camp," added Jim, with no little

Nothing daunted, however, they labored on manfully, but despite their determined efforts they were beaten back further and further by the rolling waves. And still the wind was increasing. The boat tossed violently. The was coming down like a shower of rain apon them, drenching them to the skin.

Boys, suppose we strike for the opposite shore," Jim finally suggested.

would be dashed to pieces against the rocky shore, sure as we attempted it. Our only salvation lies in keeping head against the wind

"We'll drown, anyhow, surer than thunder," persisted the man at the helm; "the boat is half-full of water now."

At this juncture they heard my shout. Jim inflated his lungs and sent forth a reply that startled his two companions. But the roar of the wind and the angry sea prevented the sound reaching my ears. To their ears, howsound reaching my ears. ever, came a response from another source—a response that chilled them deeper than the cold wind and drenching spray. It was a wild, startling laugh—a triumphant, demoniac laugh,

The three young fishermen shuddered with terror. They gathered together in the center of the boat, and spoke, when they spoke at all. in subdued tones. Jim's teeth chattered as with an ague fit. George shivered and trembled like a reed in the wind, while Bob, with eyes distended to their fullest capacity, gazed, bewildered deer, into the darkness

"Did you hear it, Jim?" questioned George. as," chattered Jim.

"What (ugh) do you think it was?" gasped

"A night-bird of some kind," replied Kemply, endeavoring to appear calm.
"A night devil, you'd better say," added

"Boys, be that as it may, we're in awful peril. If we even escape death by drowning, we'll perish with cold. I am now chilled to the very marrow of my bones—there! there went that infernal laugh again! It's no nightbird, boys.

Silence fell upon the lips of my friends, and shivering in the cold, raw wind, they sat down to wait and watch for the fate in store for

The hours dragged wearily by. Every mo ment they expected to be dashed to pieces against the rock-bound shore or go down in the deep waters of the lake. Every minute seemed an hour crowded with a thousand horrors. They were reaping the benefit of an adventure they had not bargained for when they started

Adrift on the Prairie." None of them really ever expected to see the light of another day, and one can but faintly imagine their joyful disappointment when at last they beheld the streaks of dawn shooting aslant the eastern sky. And as the day approached, the wind went down and the waters

When daylight at length enabled the boys to see around them, they discovered that they were near the center of the lake, measuring the narrow way. And to their utter astonishment they beheld a large fishing-boat anchored about twenty rods from them with a man, wrapped in a gum blanket, seated in it. He was looking directly toward them, and when detained at a wayside farm during the shower,

him out in search of us. cable attached to their boat just above the water and extending out toward uncle Lige's fering much, Madelene?"

"That's what kept us here," said Bob, pointing to the wire. "I see through the whole thing now, even to them big tracks on the beach. That old vulture, knowing we were coming onto the lake last night, attached that youth to the questioner. wire to our boat and took us in tow, and has held us here all night. And do you know why he has served us so?

As if in answer to the question itself, the voice of the old man was heard to say:

"Pitch me into the lake again, won't you? Fool 'round another mule's heel, won't you? Ha! ha! ha! you can't beat ole Lige Farmer on a good thing, so you can't. Won't you acknowledge that accounts balance now—you feller with the big bowel? I've roosted here all night to work this on ye, and went three miles to borrow this scow for the purpose. I jist won't be beat, and now if you say we're square, so says I. I know the ropes 'round here to a gnat's heel, and if I can he'p you fellers from this on in havin' fun, why, I'm yer persimnons. Fun and fish are my best holts, boys."

Bob and George were undetermined for some

time whether to forgive the old fisherman or not, for inflicting such a night of horror upon them in order to "square accounts" with Jim. It was fun they did not relish, and would have held him amenable for it, had Jim not accepted the joke in the spirit it was given, however dangerous, and prevailed on them to do likewise. The matter thus settled, Kemply shout-

"All right, old wart-nose, hoove up your dog-gone old scow and let's get ashore. We're freezing to death."

The old man soon boarded their boat, his face radiant with a smile of triumph and the soul of good nature.

"It was pesky rough," he said, as they all started toward the northern shore, "last night —more'n I bargained for. I thought I'd have to give up once, and tow you fellows ashore, or lse have some drowned hunters to scrape outen the lake. But I held on long as possible I war detarmined to square accounts with that feller with the big bread-basket, though I

hated awfully to keep you other chaps out."
The boys were too cold and aggravated to make any reply, and so the old man chatted on till the boat touched the shore. Like wet rats the young fishermen came bustling into camp shivering with cold. Jim made a drive for a box under the wagon, from which he drew forth a leather-covered flask, the contents of which seemed to afford him great relief.

In a few minutes all had changed their wet nd arranged their morning toilet.

Meanwhile, Uncle Lige, the author of their discomfiture, stood regarding the whole with his thumbs behind his suspenders, his pants in his boot-tops, his dripping hat slouched about his ears and face, and a broad, mischievous smile playing over his rough visage.

He was a man over fifty years of age,

short and heavily built, with gray eyes, an ex pressive mouth, and long iron-gray hair. His face, as well as his short, stout neck, was covered with a short, stiff beard, whose ends bristled right out like the quills of a porcu-

When we had studied the old fellow for a mo ment-had seen the sparkle of his eyes, and his face twitching with pent-up emotions of rollicking humor-we came to the conclusion that we had formed the acquaintance of a boy in spirit and an old man in years and experience.

"Boys," he finally said, as he turned away 'It would never do, Jim," replied Bob, "We | now, but if you should want my boats, he'p yerselves; and if you want me to run 'em for ou, say the word and I'm your persimmons. Me and the ole woman 'll not put up any more ricks on you-we're all squar' now. If any of ye are likely to take cold from your night on the lake, come up to the house, and mother l fix ye up a good swig of ginger and penny rile. Good-by, boys," and the old fellow went shuffling away like a happy school-boy.

"Good-morning, Mr. Farmer," said Jim, then in a subdued tone: "confound you: ] wish you were disappearing under that water with a ten-ton stone about your neck."
"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed George; "fool

around another mule's heel, won't you?"

### Those Few Days.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

THE little hamlet of Lawrence Ridge lay nestled among maple trees, on the top of a Connecticut hill, as if seeking to hide itself from the pure, pale light of the midsummer moon. There had been a shower late in the day, clearing off at sunset, and the night air was heavy with odors wafted from the drip oing trees, and distilled from the wet grasses The small village store was still open, and a roup of farmers were gathered there, discusing the "weather and the crops"-the central figure among them the broad-shouldered, portly proprietor of the store; one of the wealthies and most influential men of the community and one whom his neighbors had honored with several elections to a State senatorship. On the bench beside him sat a handsome, manly oung fellow, easily recognizable as his son for the strong resemblance in form, and face, and blue eyes; though the latter's hair was a waving mass of fair brown curls where the elder man's was black.

In the midst of this leisurely-talking company suddenly appeared a startling visiontwo strangers; a tall, full-bearded gentleman. with his hat shoved slightly away from a deep cut on his brow, and a girl, or woman-it was hard upon the instant to decide which—leaning upon his arm, her clear-cut, delicate face death white and her brow slightly frowning as if e were enduring pain.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," the stranger said courteously lifting his hat; "but may I trouble one of you to give this lady a seat and a glass of water?

Already the proprietor had arisen, while his son, with one swift, unconsciously-admiring glance at the young lady, had hastened for

You seem to have met with an accident. said Mr. Hoyt, the elder, as the lady sunk table. down upon the bench with a little moan. Yes, we drove from Dalton, expecting to

return there by early evening; but we were red that he had been discovered, he rose to which delayed us considerably; and driving up his feet, swung aloft his hat, and gave utter- this terrible hill, nearly at the top, some part harm could come to him from any fleeting pas- alone would warrant, and Maria saw him each just got up off his wife's new hat.

ance to a loud, triumphant laugh that reached of the harness snapped, which so frightened sion for their lovely guest; little dreaming that my ears, half a mile away.

"By Judas!" exclaimed Jim, "it's that old able, backed around, upsetting the carriage Lige whom I ducked yesterday. Oll has sent and throwing us out, and started at a furious im out in search of us."

pace toward the valley. I fear this lady is quite badly hurt; she has sprained her ankle, once something of the real truth flashed across and it was with great difficulty she reached their minds, and in looking around the boat for further evidence, they discovered a wire of water which Arthur Hoyt had brought and giving it, himself, to the lady. "Are you suf-

The lady's eyes were closed. As she languidly opened them they met Arthur's, thrilling him as if by some magnetic encounter. 'Yes, very much," she answered, slowly,

transferring her gaze from the brown haired

"Is there any one here," said the gentleman, turning again to the farmers, "who can accommodate this lady for the night, and of whom I can hire a horse and carriage, to drive back to Dalton and make arrangements for her

"You must take her right into my house; I've already sent my wife word," said Mr. Hoyt, cordially; "and hadn't you better stay, too, until morning? You've an ugly cut that looks as if it might need attending to, and Mrs. Hoyt is very handy about hurts.'

But the stranger insisted that he must get ick to Dalton, as he was expecting important business news there by the evening mail; so arrangements were made to have a conveyance brought to Mr. Hoyt's for him, within an hour, and then he offered his arm to his companion to assist her across the yard to the commodious residence that adjoined the store. As soon however, as the lady arose and attempted to bear her weight upon the injured foot, she fainted quite away. Her escort lightly raised her in his arms and carried her to the sofa in the pleasant sitting-room where Mrs. Hoyt awaited them. That hospitable woman went deftly to caring for her guest; and by the time the gentleman was forced to leave, Madelene was quite well, and bright, with her foot firmly and comfortably bandaged.

Come as early as you can, to-morrow," she said to him, in the richest, most musical voice that her listeners had ever heard, "that I may not be any more trouble than possible to these good people.

"Certainly, Madelene," he answered, with a pleasant bow to her, and a courteous adieu to the family.

When he had departed, the lady turned

brightly to her hostess. "I believe you do not know my name. I am Madelene Tressilian; and I think I heard some one call you Mrs. Hoyt. This is your son, I presume," she added, turning toward Arthur. "I have to thank you, sir, for your prompt attention to my comfort."

Oh, do not speak of it," he said, softly and entreatingly, from where he sat by an open window, intently regarding this beautiful stranger, and already weaving a host of golden fancies about her. For this fair-haired youth, with his grave, sweet blue eyes, was of a pasclothes for a dry suit, with which each had sionately poetical temperament that responded provided himself, combed out their wet locks, with an exquisite delight—akin to pain—to evsensation produced upon it by the beautiful in sight or sound.

Miss Tressilian only smiled back an answer -a brilliant, thrilling smile that seemed like a revelation of an inner self, it so glorified her and her expressive bronze-hued eyes. She understood the boy's nature, and knew that she gave him pleasure; whether pain would follow, she was not a woman to consider.

It was long after midnight when Arthur Hoyt went up to his room that night, and a voice from the adjoining one called, sleepily: Is that you, Artie?"

"Yes, Thomas. Is your head better?"
"Almost well, thank you; but isn't it late?

What has kept you up?"

Arthur went into his elder brother's room and sat down upon the bed beside him, and related the circumstances of the evening; while the moonlight fell over them both, revealing toward his cabin, "guess I'll hev to leave you the fair, slender hand of the elder and the sturdy one of the other clasped in brotherly love, as those two hands should never rest ruined for love of you, unless you take pity From such slender thread of accident does Fate, oftentimes, weave the cable of strange

> The following morning a messenger came from Dalton with a note to Mrs. Hoyt—signed Hugh Tressilian—inclosing a generous check, and politely begging that the lady might remain where she was until the following week: as a telegram had summoned the writer hastily to New York, whence he would return direct to Lawrence Ridge. A note and a sachel were also sent to Madeline; and when Alphonse Hoyt came into the sitting-room, from an early gallop, he found the stranger accepted as an inmate of their family for the next five days. From his brother's description he had imagined himself prepared to meet Miss Tressilian. But when before the slender, girlish image, and the marvelous, sea-shell tinted face growned with bright hair and lighted with set off by pale, translucent, green draperies-he, too, was almost awed by her remarkable beauty and that magnetic witchery of personnel that affected most people who came in contact with Madelene Tressilian.

They were six wondrous days—the days of her stay-to Alphonse and Arthur Hoyt-six, for Hugh Tressilian was still detained in town and sent for Madelene to come on, alone, as soon as well enough; and It was not until the morning of the seventh that she bade farewell to her new life and friends.

A new life it had indeed been to her; as new as to her companions—who were so different from the men with whom she was accus comed to being surrounded, so infinitely than they. She talked with them of ethics and politics, and poetry, and art; she made them play for her, and sing; and one night she surprised them with her own tender touching of the piano and magically sweet rendition of song. They breathed in her ears their dearest hopes and highest aspirations; all unonsciously purifying her life, while they dreamed they were better for knowing her; and in all things she swept delicately, but acutely, the chords of their high, refined erent natures; only, despite her perfectly impartial friendship, she had come between them; or—and was it strange when they had always craved and never before found such a com oanion?-these brothers loved her-loved her with all the fervor of young manhood's first

idealized passion! The father and mother had watched this derelopment of new passions within their home anxiously, but were powerless to avert the inevi Especially did they fear for their eldest son-their earnest, thoughtful Alphonseproudly dedicated, from earliest childhood, to the holy work of the ministry. So often are the wisest mortal judgments liable to error. Arthur, they said, was so young, so sturdy-natured, no

his fervent soul, unguarded, like his brother's, by a strong religious faith, should make his life a shipwreck in time of sore agony. And charming as she had appeared to them all, Mr.

Madelene Tressilian's departure was at hand.

The night before she left Alphonse begged to take her for a drive. She shivered a little apprehensively, at the idea of riding over those steep hills again, but allowed herself to be persuaded; and before their return she had given her consent to become his wife, at the end of his next and last collegiate year-impressing upon him her wish that the engagement should be kept inviolably secret until near that time. Madelene had come out fully prepared to hear Alphonse's avowal—and to give him a kind and firm refusal. She was not only several years was infinitely above hers in its grandeur of purpose and innocence of sin and worldliness She knew that she had appeared to him, not as she was, only as she might have been; and that a union between them was impossible. the influence of those few days—pure, happy days, and of the solemn, peaceful night, was upon her; and when Alphonse's pale face, glorified with his intense love, bent above her, and his trustful eyes pleaded with her, she learned that her heart had held its treasure of affection—through all her brilliant, excited life—to surrender to this worshipful lordly na-

That night Madelene Tressilian did an unwont ed act. She knelt beside her bed and prayed —in a vague, wordless sort of way, and yet a prayer—for a blessing upon this new era in her life. And had not the woman been loyal then to the upper strivings of her nature might not that prayer have been answered?

But, she was impressionable, blase, and used to seeking the honey in every flower that blossomed along her path; and when, at parting, Arthur—with painfully compressed lips and woeful eyes—put into her hands a little tuft of pansies, she breathed him a few unmeaning, pretty words of farewell across the flowers, that conveyed all too much to him.

A room, deliciously warm, and fragrant and dainty, in all its costly appointments such a room as Alphonse Hoyt, rich man's son though he was, had never been in before. But despite the lace traceries that shielded the win dows, the pale blue velvet of the carpet-upo which the wintry sunlight revealed chaste white lilies, the satin and gilt furniture, the heav silken draperies that severed it from the roon adjoining, there was an impalpable disturbing influence in the apartment that instantly made itself felt upon the young clergyman.

He had been told that Miss Tressilian would be in presently; and excited and impatient he began to examine the elegantly-framed likenesses that were scattered everywhere about He was intensely astonished as he looked at one and another, discovering them marked with the names of prominent actors and ac resses; he turned to another group upon a little table—"Hugh Tressilian" was written in a bold hand under one, and "Madelene Tressilian" un-der another—photographs of her in a variety of theatrical costumes and positions. At the same time that he made this discovery, with a sickening shock of horror, there sounded the opening and shutting of a door in the apartment beyond the silken curtain, and Madelene Tressilian's musical tones, freighted with annoyance and displeasure

You here, Arthur? I thought I had forbid-

den you tormenting me further."

"As if you could keep me away from you!"
answered Arthur Hoyt's young voice with despairing impetuosity. "Besides, I have just heard that you have gained your divorce from Mr. Tressilian; and now there must be! there

shall be!—some hope for me!"
"My dear boy, there is none whatever. Are you so absurd as to imagine I ever loved you? Go away, like a good child, and not waste your young life in useless affection for me."

"How dare you affect to consider me a boy. when you know that I am a man, and a man In that happy, puritan household had on me?" Arthur broke out, fiercely. entered, that night, an element that within a | me this," he added, imperiously; "do you love

any one?"
"Yes, your brother," she said, gently, as if in pity through the silence, that Arthur was too amazed to break, came a deep, heart-broken groan.

The actress tore apart the curtains, and stood face to face with her Love. Both were blood- a deep gash on his adversary's arm. This madless and agonized of countenance; but when Madelene would have advanced he motioned

"Alphonse, I do love you! I have meant to change my life, to all that you could wish; only, it was so hard to sacrifice popularity until I gained your devotion instead. Take me, and I will be anything, for your sake!"

The young man shook his head—he could

not trust himself to speak-and went firmly sternly away. Away-to a long illness; and then to a high, pure life that gains him the rever ence of all who know him. And, to-day, he occupies an honored position in the world, and a pleasant home presided over by his widowed mother. For, on a Connecticut hilltop are two graves-father's and son's. Of the elder man t is said "he died of a broken heart, caused by the dissipation and early death of his younger

Madelene Tressilian is still upon "the boards"-a faded, worn, and heartless woman, whose one golden memory is of "a few days

# The Knight of Chiswick.

THE Lords Falconberg at one time held conand about 1727 the lease of the manor of Sut ton, which belonged to the family, was assign ed by Viscount Falconberg to the Earl of Bur-

Sir Conrad Falconberg, who flourished in the fifteenth century, was what is generally term ed in the present day "a good fellow." was open, generous, brave, and he was tolerably well-versed in all the accomplishments of the period. But the curse of his life was his levity of heart; and that which poisoned his existence was his infidelity in love.

At the period of the wars of the White and es, though the English knights and no bles flocked in thousands to the standard either of the house of York or of Lancaster, Sir Con rad Falconberg of Chiswick was not among the champions. The cause of his stay was ostensily the protection of Chiswick from a formidable band of robbers; but some attributed it to the charms of a fair lady who lived in the eighborhood, not far from the margin of the Thames, in a fine old mansion. Her Christian name was Maria-her patronymic has not been transmitted to posterit

Sir Conrad visited the mansion where she lived much oftener than neighborly feeling

time with greater pleasure than mere friendship ever yet exhibited. The result may be guessed at, but not mentioned. His demeanor became colder toward her day after day; while day after day her love for him seemed but to No longer was he punctual in his increase. appointments with her; and at length a report reached her that he was just about to join the forces of the house of Lancaster; and there came a letter from him to her, in which he cruelly stated that, "if he married at all, which was by no means likely, mayhap she might be at the bridal, though she sure herself she would not be his bride.

Maria's heart was crushed when she read these dreadful words; and she resolved to put in execution a plan which she had for some

It was a lovely morning, in the early part of spring, when Sir Conrad Falconberg and his goodly band of friends and vassals galloped forth from the portals of his manor, and, by the light of the gray dawn, mustered in order on the banks of the river. Proudly and gayly rode Conrad, their chief, in advance. The neighing of the steeds—the shouts of the sol-diers—the song of the boatmen on the Thames wafting to receive them in their pennoned barques—the blessings of the crowdscene a tone and character of the highest excitement. They neared the banks when a knight, armed cap.a-pie, with lance in rest and vizor closed, was seen urging his steed in hot haste toward them.

"Hold!" cried the youth, for such his weak voice betrayed him; "hold, Sir Conrad Falonberg, of Chiswick. Leave not this spot until thou answer to me for thy misdeeds, or un til I fall by thy hand. I tell thee to thy teeth, in the face of thy friends and followers, that thou art a false and faithless traitor! -that thou

art unworthy the name of a knight!" The retinue of Conrad rushed toward the an dacious stranger; twice a hundred lances were at once placed in rest to pierce him through; twice a hundred swords gleamed high in air to drink his blood; the bowmen bent their bows on him; his death was certain; but Conrad quickly interposed, and ordered them to retire to a thicket in the rear, there to wait the issue

of the rencontre. This done, he thus addressed the assailant:

"Bold boy, who art thou?"
"Once thy friend, but now thy deadly foe. One or both of us shall fall this day!"

"I know thee not, youth. Why should I "Know me then now, to thy eternal dis-In me behold the brother of the betrayed Maria, and let thy sight be dimmed forever! I have come from afar to obtain satisfaction for the injuries you have inflicted on her! I have journeyed hither to have thy life!

To the battle, villain—to the battle! or I shall call thee coward as well as traitor!" "But," interposed Conrad, touched, perhaps, through the youth of his opponent, with a feeling somewhat akin to pity, "how may I know that thou art what thou describest thyself to be? I am a noble knight, and may not disgrace my sword with one below my degree.

Where are thy proofs?"
"They are here!" exclaimed the impetuous boy. "Behold the blazon of our house—a

house as ancient and noble as thine ! He raised his shield as he spoke, and showed to Conrad the arms of his betrayed one's family-a golden lion on a field of azure. "Wouldst thou more?" he inquired, taunt-

'Nay," rejoined Conrad, "thy blood be on thine own head. If thou hadst slain fifty adherents to the house of York, thou diest thyself this day. Make speedy shrift, for short time hast thou to live.'

"God be with the right!" shouted the youth. Each wheeled back his steed-each drew back a few paces to take ground; then laying their lances in rest, they rushed on each other with the fury of a whirlwind. Both were struck at the same moment; and both were unhorsed together; but, besides the fall, neither of them sustained any injury, thanks to the

ent temper of their mail.

Now came the tug of war. Conrad's blood was up. To be unhorsed by a boy-he, one of the best cavaliers of the day-it was a thing not to be borne! He drew forth his broad, bright falchion; his antagonist did the same. The fight then began in good earnest. It was evident, however, that the latter was less ex pert in the sword exercise than the former, though he managed, notwithstanding, to inflict dened Conrad more than ever; he showered his blows so "quick, thick, and heavy," that the weak youth he had to contend with could no longer withstand their force and effect. He fell to the ground, mortally wounded.

In accordance with the customs of chivalry, the victor hastened to unlace the helm of the vanquished, and offered every assistance at hand in this his last extremity. What was the horror of Conrad, while divesting his prostrate opponent's head of that part of his heavy aror, to behold the long, luxuriant tresses of a female roll out heavily from beneath it! With an unsteady hand, as ominous of evil, he raised the casque of the dying stranger. Heavens! It was Maria!

"Conrad," she spake, as the death-rattle sounded in her throat, and the struggle of immediate dissolution convulsed every muscle of her delicate frame, "Conrad, I forgive thee. It were idle to attempt a description of the grief of the reckless, wretched knight.

"Conrad," she continued, "take it not thus to heart: I die. The fault was mine more than I could not live without thy love; so I resolved to perish by thy hand. My wish is accomplished. Think of me kindly, when you Think of me kindly, when you think of me at all; and should a recollection of the lost Maria ever cross your mind, remember only her love and devotion for thee-forget, forget her folly. Heaven bless you, my beloved Conrad-farewell!"

The fair creature, with these words, sunk back on her broken shield, and expired

An unfortunate trans-action-Walking in ne's sleep.

A dentist's sign—Drawing, Music, and Danc-

An old maid-A woman that has been made for a long time The man who keeps his word-The man who never speaks.

The printing ink called the Centennial Red must be Old Hundred. What is the best thing to hold when you get out of temper? Your tongue Get your linen duster dyed black, and save

the expense of an overcoat. If your wife is good, kiss her for reward. If she isn't, kiss her for punishment If there is one thing a small boy can not comprehend, it is how to play a trick on a

cross-eyed man without being discovered,

drawn and quartered. Hope is said to be the brightest when it dawns from fears. This is a beautiful thought, but it seldom occurs to a man when he has